Jungle Babies

Mrs. Martin Johnson

JUNGLE BABIES

By

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With 21 Illustrations from Drawings by Margaret Flinsch

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JUNGLE BABIES

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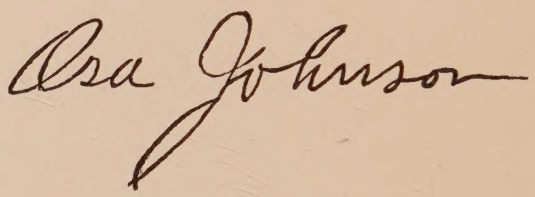
INTRODUCTION

I HOPE you will get as much joy out of reading my stories about jungle babies as I did out of writing them. I have been with the little creatures of the bush and forest so long that I feel they are friends of mine. I love them, every one. When I planned these stories, it was my hope that they would inspire in those who read them a love and sympathy for all dumb animals of this world. If you knew the beasts in far-away Africa as I have come to know them, I am sure you would love them, too. They are so cute, intelligent, and adorable. It seems a shame that they must hide away in the woods.

I learned about jungle babies while I was traveling with my husband, Martin. He hunts wild animals with cameras to take pictures of them. I help him. We never kill them unless we have to to protect our lives, or to get meat. Every time we do, my heart is

sad, and so is Martin's. Wild animals are not very different from tame ones. All of them belong to God.

Won't you please love them and treat them kindly, too?



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JUNGLE BABIES

"TOTO TWIGA"

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TOTO TWIGA

CLICKETY click! Clickety click! Clickety click! It was a melody of adventure played by the spinning wheels of my train on their ribbon-like instruments of steel. I was on my first trip toward that weird old sleepy heart of Africa where I was to find a new, strange life crowded with thrills, romance, mystery, joys, and sometimes heartaches.

The weather was hot and thick as we began our trip toward the plains of Kapiti. Our train was rushing along between Mombasa and Nairobi, and I slept only fitfully during the night ride.

The atmosphere was heavy with humidity and pressed against me as though trying to push me back

and away from the mysterious plains it guarded. Clothing clung to my body, damp and uncomfortable. Dust, shot through with gritty cinders, filtered through the compartment in which I rode.

Despite my feeling of discomfort I was happy. I was again upon the highroad to adventure. The lure of strange creatures and unknown lands held me in its spell. I was eager for the iron horse that pulled us to eat away the weary miles between the jungle coast land and the plateau game country. It is a custom of mine to fit a phrase to the music of the train wheels when on a journey of importance, and I was not satisfied until I composed words for a silent song in harmony with the rhythmic steel. The phrase, "Closer and close, closer and close," seemed in sympathy with my eagerness to complete the journey. And so the endless refrain ran on and on as my thoughts drifted, idly as smoke in a summer sky.

Just before dawn crept over the land I enjoyed my dream sleep—that period of the morning when drowsiness clings to the mind, reluctant to surrender it to full wakefulness. Imagination had full sway. Visions stood out sharp and clear. I pictured myself as a heroine in strange and exciting adventures.

A cinder from the engine ahead shattered my pleasant dreams. Somehow it crept under the lid of my eye and stung like the lash of a whip. I awakened suddenly and went after it with a handkerchief. By the time I had rubbed the cinder away the sun was well up and day had dawned quickly and completely, as is the habit in the tropics, where both dawn and twilight are short.

I turned toward the window, tears clouding my injured eye, and watched the Master paint a scene of amazing beauty. First the eastern sky was shaded with a glow of dull red. Slowly the color became more vivid and alive. Clouds turned into molten, steamy drifts of polished bronze. Sun rays stabbed their way through the mist. The land was flooded with light. Day had come.

I was absorbed in the beauty of this African daybreak when I caught my first sight of one of the funny fellows of that far-off land. He was a big bull giraffe silhouetted against the sky, a strange, misshapen beast that caused me much wonder. I rubbed my eyes to make sure they were not harboring some lingering dream and looked again.

I had seen pictures of giraffes and heard a great

deal about them, but this old fellow, standing out there like a welcoming committee of one in the African morning, impressed me deeply.

Some jokester must have stolen into the workshop of life to build this droll creature, using an assortment of odds and ends that were left over. The body resembled that of a camel modeled by an impatient schoolboy. It was mounted on four long, slender legs that looked like stilts. The neck was a masterpiece of absurdity. It stretched away from the shoulders as though it were made of taffy and had been pulled by some playful urchin. On top of the neck was a head, small and insignificant in comparison to the rest of the animal. It was decked with two tiny horns just about big enough to hang a hat on. Two round ears protruded curiously from the sides.

His coat was a reddish brown embroidered with an oak-leaf pattern of black. At the stern he wore a long, slim tail decorated with a tassel of black hair.

My first impulse was to laugh at that big giraffe, but I felt friendly toward him, too. He was a dignified-looking beast, despite his grotesque build. His head was about on a level with the top of the train. This worried me somewhat because I feared he would

get tangled up in the telegraph wires that bordered the railroad and choke himself to death.

The funny fellow looked at me with warm, friendly eyes and nodded his head as though to bid me good-morning. In fact, this impression was so vivid that I nodded back and thought, "Hello, yourself."

The giraffe didn't seem to be afraid. He stood there and surveyed the train calmly as it passed, making no gesture of retreat. As he faded into the distance, it occurred to me of a sudden that something was missing from the picture. That giraffe should have been wearing a high silk hat.

Once upon a time giraffes were called camelopards, a name coined, no doubt, by some imaginative person who viewed this animal as a cross between a camel and a leopard. It was not a bad idea, but even so the mixture was not complete. I can visualize an animal made by taking a camel, moving his hump up on his shoulders, mounting him on stilts, and dressing him in a leopard's coat. It would look something like a giraffe. But still the neck needs more attention. I think the fellow who originated the name camelopard should have tossed in a smokestack for the neck

and called the animal, camelopardsmokestack, or something of that sort.

In spite of his awkward build, the giraffe moves with grace and dignity, and he wears a coat of beautiful skin. I have seen great herds of these elongated creatures. Their color ranges from a light sandy hue to varying shades of brown, almost black. The old bulls are orange and black. All of them are marked with a light tracery of dark lines. They appear to be haughty beasts which, of course, is quite natural since their height makes them look down upon other beings, and there is a touch of elegance to their bearing.

Martin and I were on an expedition in search of lions to photograph for motion pictures when I first saw Toto Twiga, a tiny, fawn-colored baby giraffe lying at the feet of his mother. Such a helpless baby, too young even to walk. I felt a desire to run to him and stroke his coat. We did not attempt to take pictures of the two giraffes, but merely watched them from a distance for a long time. The mother giraffe stood there gazing at us with an appealing, helpless expression in her puzzled, brown eyes. She couldn't

run away and desert the baby, and she was afraid of us two strange beings.

She stood so silently with her head high in the air, listening for sounds of peril. Now and then she snuggled her nose against the baby at her feet and gently nudged him. Then slowly that great neck would sweep upward. With ears erect, nostrils distended, she stood, watchful, alert, and nervous. We left the mother and her baby when the little fellow was just beginning to struggle to his feet. It was simple to visualize the life story of Toto Twiga.

When the little giraffe first stood upon his feet, he felt weak and bewildered. Instinct taught him that mother was his friend. He rubbed his little nose against her neck when she bent down her head to nudge him. He had his first breakfast of her warm rich milk.

Toto Twiga soon learned to walk, but it was days before mother took him to join a herd of his relatives. Then he was happy and felt quite important. At times he would jump up and down on his stiff, frail, little legs out of sheer joy. The other giraffes looked at him with interest and welcomed him kindly into their midst.

It was at the pool of the feathered flowers that I

next saw Toto Twiga. This pool was nothing more than a water-hole in the bed of a dried-up river, but it was beautiful and highly important to the animal life of that section. I called it the pool of the feathered flowers because of the birds which gathered there. From a distance it appeared as if the trees and bushes at the water-hole were covered with brilliant green and yellow blossoms. A close-up view, however, revealed that these colorful objects were little love birds with green bodies and red heads.

Sometimes thousands of these winged beauties made up the bird bouquet, and often mingled with the love-birds, would be striking yellow birds, making a lovely picture on the background of faded bush.

I went to this particular pool to fish and was in hopes of hooking a mate to the 50-pound catfish I had taken from there a short time previously. The birds began to flutter as I approached and an ugly old crocodile, fifteen feet long, oozed into the cool depths of the water.

I had taken a perch and was angling for bigger and better fish when I saw the mother giraffe approaching with stealth and caution, Toto Twiga toddling in her wake. I stood still and watched them. Toto was pout-

ing. His lips stood out, and he kept rubbing against his mother's legs. Evidently he was hungry but his mother nudged him away with her head. Once she gave him a hard push that nearly knocked him off his feet.

The big giraffe neared the water slowly, looking carefully about in fear that her age-old enemy, the lion, might be lurking near-by. A mischievous breeze finally tossed my scent in her direction. She stood still and looked directly at me with an expression of surprise. Then she turned and galloped away, Toto Twiga following with awkward little jumps, the bunch of hair at the end of his tail bobbing with each leap.

Toto Twiga was still a little fellow, as giraffes go, when he was turned over to the care of a nurse. The nurse was a young giraffe of the baby's own family. She guarded him closely and pushed him away from threatening bushes and trees where danger might lurk. However, the little giraffe didn't care much for nurse, as she kept him away from mother, and he had to eat leaves of bushes and small trees.

Toto Twiga, like others of his family, was poorly equipped to survive in the savage jungle land. He

had no weapons with which to fight, nor could he utter the slightest sound. His immense height made it impossible for him to find concealment.

Nevertheless he did survive the dangers that beset him on every side, and grew into a huge bull with an orange-colored body striped with sharp, dark lines. That long neck with which nature had endowed him proved a great help in obtaining food. He could reach his head into the highest trees and nibble at the tender buds. It was amazing the way he could dip into the thorn trees and graze on luscious shoots without being scratched by the terrible spurs which protect these trees.

Toto Twiga learned, when he was scarcely more than a baby, that the most trying problem in the life of his kind was obtaining water. There was a powerful bull at the head of the herd which led the way on a memorable trip to the water-hole. The youngster trailed along as the tiresome approach was made. Slowly, step by step, the big bull advanced, stopping often to sniff the air and survey the wood growth surrounding the water. Two hours passed before they neared the water's edge.

It is difficult for giraffes to drink. Despite their

long necks, it is hard for them to bend over and reach the water, and it is necessary for them to spread their legs apart, like the tripod of a camera. This lowers them so that their heads can reach the water, but produces an awkward and defenceless position in case of attack.

Toto Twiga did not get a mouthful of water on that trip. Two of the big giraffes were drinking when suddenly the old bull wheeled about and galloped away. The others followed him, running madly in a frenzy of fear. Toto Twiga knew the reason for this terror; his nostrils had caught a strange and sinister odor. It was the scent of a lion; that vicious creature which lurks near water-holes and loves the tender flesh of the giraffe so well.

The giraffe family ran for miles, each member stumbling in his efforts to escape the lion. When the leader halted them, they stood silent for a long time, trembling with fear and exhaustion. After that Toto Twiga learned the suffering he must undergo, by wandering about for weeks, never daring to go near a water-hole for fear of his arch-enemies, the cats.

The giraffe's long neck again proved of great value during these trying periods of thirst. There was

moisture in the tender buds on the thorn trees and dew-laden leaves of the mimosa which he ate.

It was an innocent oryx that separated Toto Twiga from his family when he became a full-grown bull. He was leading a straggling group to the water when the oryx, standing at the brink, reared and shook his head, threatening with his two sharp horns. This was enough to throw the group into a panic and away they ran. When Toto Twiga stopped, he was far from the rest of the herd.

He wandered for many days alone, and, it was with the courage of desperation that he finally again approached the drinking place. An ostrich stood there dipping lazily into the water. The giraffe hesitated a long time but finally walked to the brim of the hole, thinking the bird-like creature would not harm him. The ostrich, however, was in a surly mood and kicked Toto Twiga a painful blow with its powerful foot. Again the giraffe took to its heels and ran far into the plains.

Toto Twiga was now really suffering with thirst. His throat was dry and his nostrils were parched. He found no relief in the thorn-tree buds or the mimosa leaves. He had to have water. Once more

he stole slowly to the drinking place. A rhinoceros and her baby were there. When the giraffe approached, these ugly creatures charged upon him, and Toto Twiga was lucky to escape with only a slight cut on his leg inflicted by the horn of the mother rhino.

Three days of suffering followed in the parching jungle. Toto Twiga wandered for miles, seeking a place to drink. At last he came upon a small puddle of water surrounded by sparse vegetation. Perhaps the longing for a drink was so intense that he neglected his usual caution. At any rate on reaching the water's edge, Toto Twiga spread his legs far apart and sank his head into the cooling water. He drew it into his throat in huge gulps, gratefully.

Suddenly a message of danger reached the big giraffe. He jerked his head from the water and stood still. He knew it was a lion.

He lifted one hoof from the water to turn and flee for his life—too late—a yellow figure sailed from out the grass; four sharp claws dug into his back. A second later a powerful claw struck his neck and broke it.

Poor Toto Twiga sank to the ground to die, un-

able even to make the slightest sound of protest. The lion's sharp teeth sank into his flesh as he fell.

And soon came merciful death to end the agony of another tragedy of the jungle.

RING-SIDE SEAT

RING-SIDE SEAT

FAR away on the sun-baked plains of British East Africa there stands a humble boma. A rude shelter it is, made of sticks laced together in a framework which supports a facing of thorn bush. The roof is so low that it is not possible to stand upright in this little hut. Sharp spikes of thorn protruding from the sides make it necessary for an occupant to move warily to avoid receiving painful scratches.

The boma of which I write is only one of many blinds Martin and I have spread across Africa in our search for pictures of the wild life of the plains. I think of it now with a feeling of friendship and gratitude for the shelter and protection it gave us. A mean little pile of sticks and thorns our boma would seem to most folk, but for me it provided a ring-side seat at the biggest show on earth.

It was during the long drought, when a thirsty sun, burning its way through a shimmering sky day after day, had stolen every bit of moisture it could absorb, that I first beheld the grand menagerie of Africa. A long motor trip from one of our base camps brought Martin and me to our thorny blind. Armed with cameras, rifles, blankets, and pillows, we crawled into the shelter before dawn began to blink in the eastern sky.

A long tedious wait followed, during which I wriggled about, dodging thorns and seeking a comfortable position to lie in. The sun came up, slow and lazy, brushing away the cobwebs of dawn. Its bright rays searched the barren plains for any bit of moisture overlooked the day before. The land seemed deserted, and my patience was fast ebbing away when I saw what appeared to be a parade of little flagpoles ambling from a strip of brush.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and as the line of march approached I could see that what appeared to be flagpoles were the tails of a group of warthogs. Funny, grunty little fellows they were, as they marched along single file, all with tails erect and nostrils twitching. There was a military precision

about their advance behind a proudly stepping leader which made me think of a drum major at the head of a marching column.

Straight to a water-hole close to our boma the warthogs marched and began to absorb their morning drink. The water-hole was hardly more than a gash in the breast of a dried-up river, but it held the only water for many miles around, and it was a fountain of life for these thirsty creatures of the wild. The warthogs drank their fill, and as they began to march away, again in single file, flurries of dust heralded the approach of other animals.

Across the plains they came, herds of impalla, zebra, and Thompson's gazelle. Graceful, trim, speedy animals were these hoofed creatures. Shyly and with great caution they approached, making a striking picture against the pure blue horizon. These animals apparently sensed our presence in the shelter. On nearing the water they stopped. Some stamped their feet angrily on the ground; others snorted and leaped into the air; nearly all of them looked in our direction. Finally, fear overcome by thirst, the animals reached the water, where they plunged their dainty noses into the muddy puddle and drank.

These animals seemed in no hurry to leave, and loafed about the water-hole as though posing for the camera which Martin continued to grind away. A few, like high-spirited boys, staged sham battles for us, nipping each other with their teeth and boxing with their forefeet. Others engaged in a game of tag, chasing each other in circles about the plains.

Then they began to drift slowly away as oryx, zebras, eland, wildebeest, and larger animals put in their appearance. And now began the real show. Oryx, grotesquely proud of the two sharp spears that adorned their heads, mingled warily with the quick, nervous zebras, the large, timid eland, and the ugly wildebeest. The animals increased in number. There were hundreds of them in range of our cameras, and still they came from all directions.

Despite the apparent confusion, these animals took their time about drinking. Each group tried to remain intact and, once their thirst was satisfied, idled about, watching others approach, nibbling at bits of grass and generally taking life easy.

Once a surprising thing happened. As if obeying some command, the animals formed a straight, clear lane through to the water-hole. I wondered what

mighty dweller of the plains was now approaching. I knew that it was not Simba, the lion, for had this king of beasts appeared in the neighborhood, our menagerie would not have tarried long in the vicinity. The lane remained open for several minutes, and what should come walking along but an ostrich, announcing his approach by a series of booming grunts!

The ostrich is a peculiar bird. He seems immune to both fear and heat. Whenever he wants a drink, he comes along and gets it. He seems to have all the other beasts of the jungle bluffed, although I have never seen him fighting. It was astounding to see those other proud creatures stand aside while that lumbering old ostrich marched straight to the water-hole and gobbled up great beakfuls of the moisture.

The animals were thinning out and walking over the plains when we saw in the distance a small herd of giraffe. These long-necked fellows drink every third day, and they are very timid and cautious on approaching water. The herd in the distance followed a leader which advanced in a series of steps covering about ten feet at a time. The leader would stop, turn his head in all directions, sniff the air, and then advance another ten feet. They continued this laggard

advance for nearly two hours before they neared the water.

A young animal of the herd, on smelling the water, broke away and ran eagerly toward it. The others paused, tensely nervous. They knew the little one was doing a foolish thing. These giraffe have no voices and can not utter a sound of caution or alarm.

When the herd reached the water, it was plain to see why their approach was so cautious. They must make sure that no beast of prey is lurking near to kill them as they drink. It would seem that a giraffe, with its long neck, would have little difficulty drinking, but such is not the truth. In order to reach the water they must spread their long front legs far apart and bend their bodies forward, placing them in a defenceless position from which they can not spring quickly.

By one o'clock most of the animals had visited the water-hole. They then spread about the vicinity, looking for food, playing, sleeping under trees. They paid no attention to our boma, and occasionally a beast would wander near, and we would add to the collection of marvelous pictures we had made. About four o'clock in the afternoon the animals again wandered toward the water-hole but few did any serious drink-

ing. It seemed to be a social hour during which they idled about, deciding on the place where they would spend the night. By six o'clock practically all the plain dwellers had departed, drifting slowly away.

Martin and I left as darkness fell, elated over our wonderful luck. It had been a thrilling experience to crouch there in our little boma, miles away from the haunts of man. Under the clear blue sky that formed the "big top," we had studied the menagerie of the wild. We paid little heed to the heat of the day, so absorbed was our attention by the spectacle. The light was perfect, and our cameras recorded a view of wild life rarely seen by man. It was a red-letter day and repaid us for many weary, discouraging hours spent in similar blinds near water-holes that animals did not approach.

These vigils at the water-holes are not always thrilling and productive. We make them when the dry season is at its arid peak. It is a waste of time to visit them during the rainy season, for then water is plentiful and animals are shy. Often the weather is terribly hot and oppressive. Occasionally the wind hurls waves of choking dust through the flimsy walls of our blinds, and sometimes swarms of insects find

us and invade our hiding place. How well I remember my first day alone at a water-hole!

One morning, during my first journey to Africa, we started off before daylight over the dusty plains. I was equipped with cameras, a rifle, a blanket, and some magazines as well as a bit of lunch. We journeyed to a water-hole where a blind had been built a week before and left unused in order that the animals might become familiar with it. There the black boys stuffed me into the flimsy shelter and corked it up with a thorn bush. Martin left for another water-hole some four miles distant.

I was a tenderfoot and unfamiliar with the creatures of the jungle, and it was my first experience alone in a blind. At first it was thrilling to be all by myself in the middle of a desert thousands of miles from home. I was filled with ambition to accomplish great deeds. My imagination pictured an endless procession of all the creatures in the world posing before my camera to have their picture taken. I was impatient for them to appear, although I knew little about Africa or its animals. The knowledge I had at that time was largely second-hand, gleaned from books I had read and tales I had heard.

Some one has said that hours are golden and minutes fleeting. They are, at times, but this was not true on that first day at the water-hole. The minutes were dull thumps of lead, and the hours—they had no end. This particular boma was not built for comfort. The walls and ceiling were spiked with thorns. The roof was so low I could scarcely sit upright. It was necessary for me to remain stretched out on my blanket. I was afraid to make the slightest noise.

I squirmed about in search of soft spots that were not there. I annoyed my pillow. My courage ebbed away. After several hours, during which nothing appeared at the water, my nerves were jumpy, my enthusiasm was gone, and I had but one desire, to be back in the kindly shelter of my own little tent.

The sun was lazy that morning. It poked a bleary eye over the rim of the world and surveyed the scene in a dull, listless manner. Slowly, oh, so slowly, its red head lifted into the sky. It seemed reluctant to chase the night away, but eventually the red head turned into gold and then to burning fire. Its flaming locks uncoiled upon the earth, groping for every breath of moisture. It turned into a cruel, burning monster

that reached through the flimsy shelter of my boma and nibbled at my every pore.

I do not know how a troop of baboons knew I was hiding in that blind, but apparently they did. These rowdy gangsters are our main source of trouble at the water-holes. When they see us entering or leaving a blind, they set up a terrible racket and keep it up as long as we are present, warning all other creatures of the wild that something is amiss, and thereby keeping them away. These baboons are selfish creatures, and even when they drink they want the water-hole to themselves. For this reason they usually appear when no other animals are in sight and disappear when one troop starts a battle with another. This particular troop ruined my first day at the blind. They began to scream and kept it up for hours. Not another animal appeared in range of my camera.

As time dragged slowly on and I became desperately uncomfortable—I began to sympathize with myself, always a dangerous thing to do. Why didn't I stay in Kansas and become the wife of a banker, a clerk, an earth-bound being; some one who could give me a permanent roof, perhaps an automobile and jewels,

at any rate security? I mustered up my courage and talked the situation over with myself.

"Silly girl," I thought, "you longed for adventure. You have enjoyed it. You have thrilled to many things in far-off places. Discomfort is the lot of an explorer. There is nothing to be afraid of."

In this manner I obtained a mental grip on my emotions and reasoned myself into a mood of "grin and bear it."

Then I heard a faint grunting sound toward the rear of my boma. "Gumpf, ru-u-mf grumpf," it fell upon my ears. The rumbling noise became clearer. Whatever was making it seemed to be creeping upon my hiding place. I dared not turn around even to try to see what made that noise. "Lion." The word flashed like a flame before my mind. I was overcome with dread.

I lay there on my hard bed without stirring a muscle. I hardly dared to breathe. Suppose that lion started to tear away the walls of my blind? What would I do? Could I get into position to shoot him in a vital spot? Would he get a chance at me with those powerful claws and bone-crunching teeth? The booming noise continued. I gave myself up to despair and

quit thinking. I was a weak, helpless, terrorized little girl.

For many hours I suffered, and then I heard a low whistle. It was Martin's signal, and the hour was 4 P.M. That whistle was soothing music and brought a tremendous relief to my jagged nerves. The black boys tore away the thorny plug that sealed my boma. I rushed out and threw myself into Martin's arms. My face was blanched and revealed my mental anguish. I blurted out the story of the lion.

Martin smiled; the black boys laughed. Then Martin told me that the noise I had mistaken for a lion's grumble was made by a Cock ostrich. Ostrich or not, it gave me a chill that kept me away from lone days in bomas for many weeks. I became familiar with denizens of the jungle in time, however, and conquered the fear of being alone near the strange, wild creatures.

Many times at night I have hidden in lookout posts to spy upon elephants, rhinoceros, and kindred creatures. Elephants and rhinos are forest dwellers and rarely seek water during the daytime. I saw a splendid family of elephants one bright night at the Irreri water-hole in the Ndoto mountains of the

Northern Game Reserve of British East Africa. We had finished dinner and, knowing that elephants would probably visit the water that night, we decided to watch them. It was a wonderful night. A full moon ruled a clear sky dappled with countless stars. It was almost as bright as day.

We had just got settled in the blind when, on looking down the dry river bed, I saw eleven elephants walking along in single file, their padded, heavy feet making hardly a sound as they plodded through the sand. A big elephant was leading them. With her was a baby that could not have been much more than a week old. The little one was a bit unsteady on his feet, but he was full of life and ran in and out between his mother's legs. The big elephant had to stop several times to keep from stepping on him.

This particular drinking place consisted of a series of holes in the sandy river bed, which had been dug by the animals down to the water level. Animals that came there to drink had to redig the holes because sand continually fell into them.

The mother elephant, leading the herd, stopped at the first water-hole. The others walked past her and found drinking places of their own. Soon they were

all digging, turning up the ends of their trunks like shovels and throwing the sand aside.

While the mother dug, her son wandered about among the other animals. Now and then she would leave her place and look for him. On finding him with other members of the herd she seemed to feel that he was all right and walked back to her well, apparently content that her child should be with his relatives. Once, when she returned, a half-grown elephant had possession of her water-hole. He did not stay there long. The big elephant gave him a resounding wallop on the head with her trunk and a dig with her tusks that sent him away squealing.

When sufficient water had seeped into the hole, the mother called her little one, and he came running with his wobbly gait and stuck his tiny trunk into the water. The mother also quenched her thirst and then filled her trunk with water, giving both the baby and herself a bath. Occasionally another elephant wandered toward her, but was promptly chased away. The mother apparently was the leader of the herd. After about an hour at the water the elephants turned and went down the river bed in single file, walking at a rapid pace as though they had an important engagement elsewhere.

It was at the most desolate water-hole in Africa, known as the Longai, that we sought to pay our next night's visit with elephants. After setting up our cameras and electrical equipment with which to operate them, Martin and I crawled to a rocky cliff about forty feet above a pass from which we could see elephants should they come along.

In order to make a comfortable place to rest, we smoothed off the surface dirt and made two fairly level places on which to spread our blankets. It wasn't long until I felt a sharp sting behind my right ear. Then I felt a series of stings and began slapping away at what I supposed to be sand fleas. I could hear Martin slapping at them, too. Whatever these hungry insects were, they kept boring at us through the night. To add disappointment to discomfort, not an elephant appeared.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when I fell into a fitful doze. At six I awakened and looked at Martin. His appearance frightened me. He seemed to be a mass of blood clots and looked as though he had a virulent case of smallpox. His face and arms were sorry to behold. I shook him and awakened him roughly.

"What is the matter?" I asked over and over.

Martin opened his eyes and looked at me. He sat up suddenly.

"What is the matter with you?" he questioned.

We began an investigation and found the bodies of hundreds of Spirillum Ticks lying around our bedding. We rushed to the water, where we bathed ourselves and washed our bedding. Our skin was covered with welts and blood. We were exceedingly worried, too, because we knew that in some sections the Spirillum Tick is infected with the most dreaded of all African fevers, known as Spirillum fever.

The next day I could not see. My eyes were swollen shut, and I looked as though I had received a terrible beating. Martin's face also was swollen and discolored. It had been a discouraging night, but our wounds healed, and we had no fever, so once again we decided to spend another night at Longai.

We saw evidence that rhinoceros were in the habit of making nightly visits to the water-hole, and had a blind built of heavy stones piled one upon another, much as a stone fence is built. Twenty porters worked three days to build the blind, and when they were finished the result looked like a small castle. We felt

certain that the rhinos would not recognize the structure as a blind. They are stupid beasts, and the surrounding country was strewn with rocks similar to those of which our hiding place was built.

Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a startling sound. My first impression was that some one was rolling huge rocks down into the canyon. I awakened Martin. Together we listened, as great rocks crashed down on both sides of the valley. Then I heard a slipping and sliding which indicated that some heavy creature was descending the rocky slope. This was followed by the plump, plump of heavy footsteps approaching.

Springing to an opening in the rocky wall of our hiding place, I saw a giant rhinoceros making for the water-hole. He was as big as a good-sized motor truck, and snuffled like an asthmatic old man, only a hundred times louder. Another plump, plump, and sniffle, sniffle, and a second rhino appeared. The two met at the pool, where they stood for a moment, snorting at each other. Suddenly one made a vicious rush at the other. I was amazed at the speed and quickness of this apparently ungainly beast.

It was an amazing sight, these two giants strug-

gling in the rock-strewn arena. Moonlight flooded the valley and changed the gray skin of the rhinos to a sickly white. The very earth shook, as those two huge beasts lunged and mauled each other, snorting and hissing in a fearful manner. The rhinos waged their battle for about ten minutes. Then the struggle ceased as suddenly as it started. The animals walked away from the water-hole in opposite directions, neither apparently having won a victory. A few more scars were added to the collection of wounds on their leathery sides, but that was all. They simply got tired of fighting and walked away. This seems to be a quaint old rhino custom. They meet, fight, and part, seemingly as a matter of course.

Just as the battle ended, another bumping of rocks, rattling of pebbles, and the sound of sliding bodies announced the arrival of more rhinos. This time they were descending directly on our shelter. A rock grazed the wall and set branches with which the blind was camouflaged to trembling. Soon the valley was filled with rhinos. I counted ten of them and saw also, standing off among some thorn trees, an animal I took to be an elephant.

One of the rhinos stood with his side to the open-

ing of our blind only three feet away. This was too close for comfort, and I wanted to shoot at him. Martin pushed me away from the opening, picked up a stone, and threw it at the animal's most sensitive part, his ear. His aim was good, and the missile reached its target. The rhino reared with a snort and made for another standing near by. He suspected that the other animal had stuck him with one of its sharp horns, and another fight took place. It is a good thing Martin used excellent judgment and prevented me from shooting. The sound of a rifle might have brought several of the rhinos charging upon us, and our shelter, strong as it was, could not have withstood the rush of one of those heavy beasts.

There was no more peace that night. The rhinos kept wandering toward our blind, and several times Martin drove them away with stones. I don't mind confessing that I was frightened at this experience. I don't like rhinos anyway. They are huge, stupid, and murderous. I feared at any moment one of them would charged our little hut of stones, and was prepared for the worst to happen when dawn smiled down upon the world and sent the animals to their

daylight haunts among the growth of scrub and thorn bush.

We were glad to end the vigil, glad to get away from the water-hole. I brought no pleasant memories with me from Longai.

"OLD NICK"

OLD NICK

THE very atmosphere was charged with the spirit of adventure the morning I first met Old Nick, the biggest, toughest, meanest old baboon I have ever seen.

It was in the beautiful forest that borders Lake Paradise, the loveliest body of water in all Africa. I was filled with a feeling of restlessness and had a desire to get off into the forest among the wild animals and birds. Just after dawn sifted through the lacy roof of tree-tops, I had my black boy take my camera, and I took my gun, and away we went to Elephant Street.

Elephant Street is a roadway made by generations of the world's largest beasts as they have traveled to

and from the lake. Once there, I scrambled into the branches of a tree, hoping to get a picture of an elephant as he roamed along this ancient highway of old Jungleland.

The forest had been in mourning the night before for the lost souls of its savage children. Slashes of wind made the huge trees sigh—sad and melancholy. A crêpe of fog draped the woodland. Cries of wild beasts seemed subdued and mournful. As I held my perch on a tree branch, tears of last-night's dew trickled like splashes of silver through the morning sunlight. I was a woman from a strange land, caught in a scene mysterious, mighty, and fearsome in its odd, wild beauty.

My mind was filled with dreams, as the branch that held me swayed lazily with the breeze. I visioned creatures strange and weird. I pictured stirring adventure. The sound of crackling branches jerked me from my reverie. I thought they were made by an elephant idling through the forest path, and I seized my camera, hoping to get a picture. The noise drew nearer, but still no elephant appeared. My nerves were taut. I was alert and keen for action.

Some instinct drew my gaze around to a neighbor-

ing branch of the tree, and there I beheld a vision which at first gripped me with terror. It was a huge baboon, battle-scarred, snarling and hideous. He stood there looking at me—eyes wide, fangs bared, and ears protruding. He was a cartoon of some grotesque old imp of the nether world. He looked like a distorted human cast aside in the making.

I was chilled with fright. Years of experience had taught me that the baboon is not dangerous unless cornered, and even then could only bite and claw, and is not liable to inflict a fatal wound. But—there we were in the same tree—this fearsome looking beast and I. All other baboons I had seen had run away after the first few seconds of curiosity, but this savage and ugly-looking fellow seemed to think this tree was his own private property, and he was not going to leave it if he could make me do so first. It was a battle of wits, and I knew it.

From what I have since learned of the baboons at Lake Paradise I know that the animal was just as surprised and startled as I was. He stared fixedly at me, thinking, no doubt, that I was a baboon of another species.

We watched each other. He grabbed a branch of

the tree and shook it violently. I shook another branch just as hard. The baboon made a terrible face, showing his long, powerful teeth. I made a face and showed him my teeth.

He began to scold me in the baboon way. I'm glad I could not understand him, for his language sounded awful. I scolded him in turn. The baboon began then to prowl to and fro on his limb. I did the same on mine, which seemed to anger him exceedingly. He bristled the fur on his back and looked much fiercer. Here Old Nick had the best of me, as I had no fur to bristle. But my next effort proved the turning point of the struggle. I screamed.

It was a loud, lusty, prolonged scream that echoed through the forest. The animal had never heard anything like it in all his life. He decided almost immediately that I wasn't the kind of baboon he wanted to fight with, and tumbled away through the leaves, scorching the atmosphere with his screams.

I didn't remain in the tree much longer than he did, and I was all out of breath when I reached camp. Martin smiled when I told him I had seen Old Nick, himself, but that baboon certainly looked like the devil to me.

I saw Old Nick often after that and learned that he was the bully, but not the boss, of the herd with which he lived. He was one of a large family that dwelt in the forest where we made our camp. When he first came into the world, he was a cute little fellow, timid, shy, and always clinging to his mother.

About the first thing Old Nick learned was to hold tightly to the soft, thick fur of his mother. No matter where she went he clung to her—in dizzy branches high above the ground, through rough, thick grass, over jagged rocks at the lake's edge.

Mother guarded her baboon baby closely in the days of his infancy. She held him to her breast and fed him milk high on a swaying limb. Her arms held him when he slept. It was not healthy for any other member of the family to come near. Mother would slash him with her sharp teeth or strike him with her clawed hand.

It was mother's quick action and bravery that saved Old Nick from the claws of a leopard when he was very young. The little baboon was beginning to feel independent and was cutting up at an unusual distance from mother when the baboon clan caught the smell of a leopard in the bush.

There was a chorus of terrified screams, and the baboons rushed for the tree tops. Old Nick made a flying leap for his mother, but did not get a firm grip on her fur. As she started up a tree, he fell to the ground. Quick as a flash mother dashed back, grabbed him by the tail, and again scrambled upward. She was just in time. A dark, roaring form leaped from the bushes. It was a leopard, enraged at his failure to capture one of the herd.

Early in life Old Nick showed tendencies toward developing into the mean, old scoundrel he eventually became. One evening he rode on mother's back to the lake where hundreds of baboons were gathered to drink the cool, clear water. Old Nick's family climbed out on a group of rocks to their favorite drinking place. After the mother baboon had refreshed herself she caught Old Nick by the tail and let him hang down so he could get a drink of water. While the young baboon was drinking, a mischievous member of the family slipped up behind mother and bit her. Mother was enraged. She forgot all about Old Nick and let him drop, turning to pursue her attacker.

Now, there is nothing that baboons hate more than a bath. When Old Nick hit the water, it was probably

the most disagreeable experience of his entire life. He sank beneath the surface. On rising he grabbed a projecting rock, coughed, and gasped for breath. Then he started to cry and scold, doing his best to chide his elders. Mother rushed back and pulled him from the water. She tried to soothe and comfort him, but the little baboon was mad clear through. He sobbed and screamed. He struck his mother with his little fists. Mother was patient for a long time, but finally she shook the little rascal and carried him away into the forest.

Baboons are funny creatures. Their faces resemble those of human beings. Fur covers their bodies. They have long, powerful arms, and they use their feet like hands. Their long tails come into constant use among the tree tops.

Old Nick's relatives were greedy and quarrelsome. They would eat until their stomachs swelled out as if they had been inflated with air. Then they would sit under a tree, drowsing and looking wise as a troop of Solomons. And how they loved to fight! I saw one go up to a lazy old fellow one day and deliberately pinch him, hoping to start a battle.

Old Nick grew rapidly into a strong and sturdy

youngster. He was a fighter, and his playmates soon learned to run away when he became angry. He was daring and would dart through the tree tops, making long leaps from one branch to another.

The young baboon was not popular with his elders. When he saw one eating a choice bit of fruit, he would yell at the top of his voice and attract other members of the herd. Immediately there would be a mêlée, and the baboon that had discovered the fruit would be beaten and robbed.

Like all the other members of his family Old Nick was curious. On one occasion he and another venturesome baboon dug into a nest of ants. It was a painful experience. Ants that live in Africa are not to be treated lightly. They build hills almost as large as tree trunks. Thousands of them live in a hill. They are highly organized. There are mothers, nurses, workers, and soldiers.

It was such a hill that Old Nick and his friend dug into, much to their regret. The soldier ants swarmed over the two young baboons, inflicting hundreds of sharp, stinging bites on their tender hides. The two baboons leaped up and down in the grass like a pair of jumping-jacks. They turned somersaults and

rolled on the ground. They ran away, chattering and screaming. It took them a long time to get rid of those stinging insects.

As Old Nick grew to maturity, he acquired the battle scars which made him such a frightful-looking thing when I first saw him in the tree top. He believed that he was the best fighter in the family of baboons.

The head of Old Nick's herd was a tough, crusty old baboon who had long since proved his right to rule by reason of his might. Old Nick made a terrible mistake one day, when he rushed up to the boss and grabbed a wild apricot from his hand.

Old Nick thought a hurricane had struck him. He was chewed, mauled, and clawed. Blood was streaming from a score of wounds when he retreated and ran to a tree to escape the ire of that terrible old baboon.

Hatred was instilled in the heart of Old Nick by that encounter, also cunning. He decided that he would get even with the recognized head of the family some time. So Old Nick kept clear of the boss until after he became the reprobate I met in the tree on Elephant Street.

The baboon family was a great source of trouble to us in the forest about Lake Paradise. When they

saw us hiding in blinds, they would set up a great commotion. They would climb into the trees and bark and scold, warning all the other animals to stay away. Sometimes we would throw stones at them, but they would not leave. As a rule there were no pictures on the days when baboons found us at the lake.

Had Old Nick been a human, he would have been the leader of some gang of bandits, I believe. He and his playmates were incurable thieves. They loved to raid the garden that we had planted and cultivated so carefully.

One day when Martin and I returned from a short *safari*, which means "expedition," we surprised a group of baboons in our tomato patch. I was terribly provoked and started to chase them away. The robbers were bold, however, and did not feel inclined to leave. I scolded and yelled at them. Finally they snatched some tomatoes and started away, grumbling and chattering. I noticed that one of them hobbled along with difficulty, and then I recognized him as Old Nick. He had a tomato under each arm, one in each hand, and one in a foot!

He made a ludicrous figure, trying to hobble away with all that loot, and I had to laugh at him. Ap-

parently this annoyed him, for he turned around and called me names before disappearing into the woodland.

There was one adventure for which I feel very grateful to Old Nick. It happened in a patch of wild asparagus which grew in the deep, cool woods. Accompanied by two black boys, I went out to gather some asparagus early one morning. The baboon family, fond of vegetables and especially this one, were busy stuffing themselves with the tender, young shoots when we arrived. They made me nervous. I was picking my way toward a small bush, and just when I reached it, Old Nick made a short rush in my direction.

I knew that he was just trying to frighten me away from the asparagus patch, but I was startled anyway and drew back. As I moved I saw, coiled in the bush, a deadly cobra ready to spring at me. This gave me a real start, and I screamed. The black boys rushed forward and killed the poisonous snake. It was a narrow escape and taught me another lesson in living in that wild land of Africa. I never picked asparagus near grass or bushes after that.

One day Martin and I started to chase a group of

young baboons just for the fun of it. We surrounded them in a clump of bushes, so they could not get to a tree to make their escape. I grabbed a little fellow by the tail, and he turned around and bit me. However, I held on until some one rushed up to help me. We tied a rope around him and took him back to camp, where we fastened him to a tree.

When any of us went near him, he would throw himself on the ground and stare at us with big, frightened eyes. We had him several days before one of his relatives found him. We could hear the two baboons calling to each other, and I am sure they were hatching a plot for an escape. One morning our little baboon was missing.

We saw him later, jumping about in the tree tops with his playmates, the rope still fastened around his middle. Old Nick was loafing in the same tree and jeered at me when I approached. I felt positive that he had engineered the release of our prisoner and was gloating over his success in getting his young relative away from us.

That was the last time I saw Old Nick and also the last time he caused us any trouble.

"TOTO TEMBO"

TOTO TEMBO

WHAT would you think if you saw one hundred and fifty railroad engines walking down the street on legs that looked like tree trunks? If you can imagine such a sight, it will give you some idea of the power and size of the friends and relatives of Toto Tembo, our little baby elephant.

Before I tell you about Toto, I want to say something about elephants. I think I admire and love them more than any other animal that lives in the forests of Africa. They are so much like humans, so intelligent, so big and graceful. Elephants made roads before man did. It seems they are always building

them. Whenever they come across a water-hole they like, they wear a pathway through the forest tangle to it. They do this by tramping down the grass and bushes with their big, powerful feet. Day after day, year after year, maybe for a century these giants of the jungle will travel the same pathway. They will butt over a tree with their great big heads and toss it aside with their trunks as though it were a match stick. And they will reach high into the air and tear away the overhanging branches.

I found out how strict these elephants are about their roads one time when I planned to take some pictures of them. It was while we were living at Lake Paradise which, I think, is the most beautiful place in all Africa. Martin was developing some of the wonderful moving pictures he had taken of wild animals. Perhaps you have seen some of them in the moving picture called "Simba." I got lonesome and thought that I would just show Martin that he wasn't the only one who could take pictures of elephants. Not far from our home there was a wonderful elephant road. It had been worn through a forest of trees, some of which grew to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. They were decorated with twisting vines on which

bright yellow flowers grew. The road was so wide you could drive an automobile along it.

One day I had my black boy, Bukari, who carries my gun for me when I go out into the forest, take a box out to the elephant road and nail it to the limb of a tree right above the middle of the trail. I went out there in the morning and sat in the box nearly all day. At first it was just like being in fairyland. There I was, high above the ground keeping as quiet as a mouse. A gentle breeze blew through the forest making the leaves dance in a lazy, playful way, and singing a song that told of the mystery and weirdness of this far-off land. Yellow and red flowers on the twisted old vines seemed to be playing cross-tag with each other. Now and then one of them seemed to smile as a splash of sunshine dripped through the leafy roof overhead and touched its face. I could hear a troop of monkeys gossiping and fighting with each other in the big tree-tops not far away. A mother bushbuck and her baby came into the trail, but I think she smelled me for she ran away before I could get my camera focused upon her.

After several hours passed, it wasn't so pleasant sitting up there in that old box waiting for some ele-

phants to come along. Some pesky little flies began to bite me. The breeze changed and blew off a swamp. It carried an odor of things that were old and dying. And the worst of it was, not a single elephant came by. I was angry about that and finally went home. It was not until two days later that I learned how lucky I was.

The next morning Martin and I walked up Elephant Street as we had come to call it. I showed him my box. He laughed and told me that it was not high enough to be out of reach of an elephant.

The following day we walked down the trail again. My box was gone from the tree. Bits of it were scattered on the ground. Some old elephant had walked along there during the night and torn it down. It's a good thing he didn't come along while I was *in* the box.

If you have seen elephants in circuses and zoos, maybe you think they all look alike, but that is not true. I met two of them I knew; one was the Baby Tembo, and the other was his mother, Old Mom. One night when the moon was riding high over the African woodland and shining for all it was worth in a field of silver stars—I don't know why the moon seems to be brighter

in Africa than it does in our homeland—Old Mom heard an angel whisper the message of motherhood. She walked through the herd with which she lived and told the cow elephants about it. Then she led a dozen of those huge friends of hers far off into the dense forest. They walked along so quietly and silently, not even a twig cracked under the enormous feet that carried them. They came to a cleared space in the jungle land. It was damp and dark and lonely. There they found little Toto Tembo.

Toto was so tiny that he looked like a little mouse beside those big old cows. He was covered with black hair. He had long black eyelashes and his little legs were so weak that he could scarcely stand. The first thing Old Mom did was to give him a spanking with her trunk. Then she picked him up and rocked him back and forth. The other elephants stood about her in a circle and watched her solemnly. Old Mom didn't spank Tembo because he had been a bad boy. She did that so he could get his breath and so the blood would start to circulate through his veins. When she got tired of rocking him with her trunk, she passed him to one of her friends who rocked him some more. When Toto began to cry in a squeaky voice, after he

had been passed around the circle, he was given back to Old Mom. She gave him some milk to drink. In a few days Toto became a strong and sturdy little fellow. Mom and her friends took him back to the other elephants in the herd to show what a fine little son they had found.

Elephants love and protect their babies more than any other animals in the world. The herd appointed a ten-year-old cousin of Toto's to be his special nursemaid. This cousin watched over him constantly when Old Mom was busy eating. Toto didn't like his cousin very much. She wouldn't let him run away into the grass land by himself. Some times she would hit him with her trunk when he wandered too far away from the rest of the herd. When little Toto got hungry, he would cry, just as human babies do. Then Old Mom would come over and pet him with her trunk and give him milk to drink.

Toto admired that great big mother of his. She was larger than any other elephant in the herd. When she was eating the tender young buds from the trees, her stomach would rumble like thunder. Old Mom loved little Toto. Each day when they went down to the water-hole, she watched over him carefully. She

would push him along with her trunk. Then she taught him to hang on to her tail, because his little legs would not carry along as fast as the other elephants traveled.

They had lots of fun when they reached the water-hole. Old Mom and the other elephants would wade into it. Toto would go just a little way from shore, just about up to his knees. He was afraid. Mom would dip her trunk deep into the water, then she would lift it up and give Toto a shower bath. It felt so good. The baby elephant would raise his tiny trunk and squeal for joy. Mom would sprinkle him well again. Sometimes she would lift him up with her trunk and give him a good ducking.

The elephants decided one day that there was better grass to eat on the other side of the water-hole. When they reached the water, they started to wade across. Toto knew in some strange way that they were going to the other side. He was terrified. Toto remembered the day he had waded out too far into the water and got stuck in the mud. If it had not been for Old Mom, he could not have gotten out. His little legs had been in the mire right up to his hips. He had lifted his trunk and screamed. When Mom reached him she had picked him up with her trunk and

carried him to a dry place. Mom had scolded quite a bit that time, but she had dipped her trunk into the water and had washed all the mud off her baby. Then she had gone over to the cousin elephant who was supposed to take care of Toto and had scolded her also.

But this time the elephant herd started to cross the water-hole. It was something new to Toto. Mom waded right out into the stream and didn't seem to pay much attention to him. He was afraid to go. Toto stood on the bank, worried and puzzled and not knowing what to do. He was just about ready to cry when all of a sudden he felt a pair of ivory tusks under his little stomach. A big trunk wrapped itself about his back. The first thing he knew, he was high in the air and was being carried across the water. It was Toto's uncle that had picked him up and carried him safely to the other side of the water. That's the way elephants do.

The first time I saw little Toto, I wanted to steal him. He was the cutest little darling. Martin and I were making pictures, when we came to a herd of thirty elephants. Among them were Toto and Old Mom. I wanted Martin to go and get the little baby elephant. How he was to do it, I don't know. Old Mom, who ap-

peared to be as big as the side of a house, watched Toto every minute. I didn't blame her a bit. Toto was the dearest little thing. He ran along beside her, but couldn't go very fast; he was so little. Once he fell into a hole and began to scream. Mom came running to him. She looked him over to see whether he was hurt. Then she told him to be careful and follow her. Toto went along slowly beside his huge mother, his big ears flapping against his tiny body.

Martin kept taking pictures of Mom and her baby. Finally she saw us, and was afraid that we would get her little one. She started to walk away from us with great long strides. She forgot that Toto could not keep up with her. She came back to him and pushed him along with her trunk. Once she nearly stepped on the little fellow. He kept wandering about between her legs. Mom became angry and spanked the little elephant with her trunk. She spanked him hard. Toto squealed. Then he became so hot and tired that he just lay down in the grass, and he told Mom if she wanted to go on she could just leave him, as he wasn't going any farther.

Mom seemed to feel sorry about that spanking. She came over and talked to her baby, coaxed him to

follow her, and then wrapped her trunk about the little fellow's trunk and pulled him to his feet. Then Old Mom turned around and stared at Martin's camera.

It looked bad for us. I thought she was going to come after us. I aimed my rifle at her brain and for a single second wished that she would charge, I wanted her baby so much. Then I realized what a selfish and bad thought that was. Mom just stood and looked at us as if to say, "Now you just leave my baby alone. If you don't, I'll fix you." She loved little Toto so much. Old Mom walked away into a green grove of trees that God had made just for her and little Toto and the rest of the elephant family.

That was the last time I saw little Toto, but I met Old Mom on two other occasions. While we lived at Lake Paradise, Martin and I planted a garden with the aid of our black boys. Part of it was a sweet potato patch. On moonlight nights we would walk down to the lake, which was only a few hundred yards away from our home, and we would watch the wild animals of the jungle come down to drink water. We would see the big elephants bathing their babies and hear the little ones shriek with joy. We had many a good laugh at their antics.

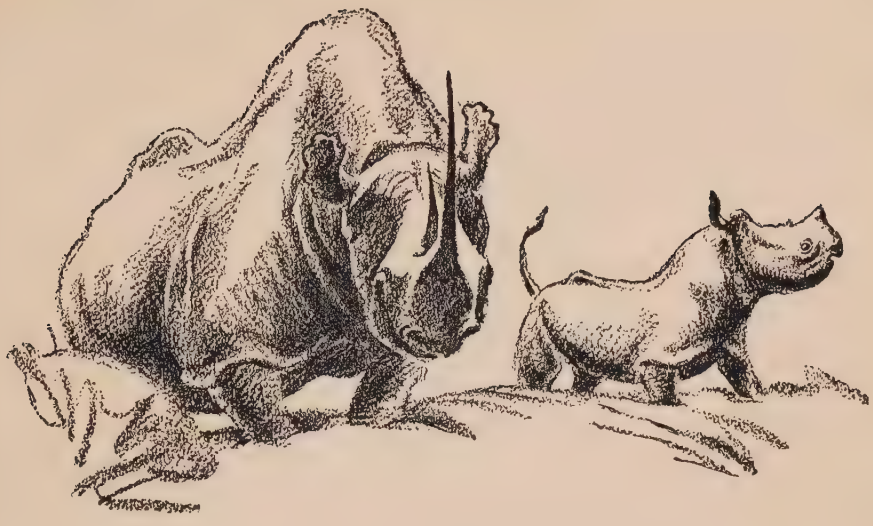
One night the elephants started to wander away. Martin and I hastened home. We could hear them approaching our garden. We watched. Old Mom was leading the herd. She looked around as if to say, "Here's the Johnsons' sweet potato patch. They have so many of them that they won't miss a few. Besides, they have been taking pictures of us and owe us something. Let's go in and have some dinner."

Martin and I watched the herd invade our garden. We couldn't very well shoo them away. The little elephants got sweet potato vines twisted about their necks. The big ones dipped their trunks into the little hills in which the potatoes were planted. When they got through eating the potatoes, they thought, "Well, we'll just fool Mrs. Johnson and not let her know we have been here." They scraped up the dirt with their feet and covered up the hills so they would look as if they had not been disturbed. But they forgot about their tracks. Whenever you see a foot print as big as a dish pan, you can feel sure that an elephant has been around the neighborhood.

The last time I saw Old Mom, was one evening when I was coming back to Lake Paradise. Bukari and another black boy were following me up Elephant

Street. All of a sudden we came around a twist in the road, and there in front of us was Old Mom. She was not more than forty feet away. She started toward me, ears lying back in a way that meant she was thinking of charging. I didn't want to shoot. The black boys and I dropped down on our knees and started to crawl into the bush. Apparently she thought we were baboons, and after standing rigid a minute turned and started to eat leaves off the trees.

We crawled away and ran down Elephant Street. We had fooled Old Mom, and paid her back for the time she and her family looted my sweet potato patch. But just the same I was glad to get away from her, and I never want to get close to such a big elephant again.



"BAD BOY"

BAD BOY

THERE are three distinct kinds of rhino. The Black Rhino of Africa has two horns, little pig eyes, and an overhanging upper lip. It is called a prehensile lip, and in prehistoric days most animals had the same kind of lip. It is used to guide the grass or leaves to his mouth.

The White Rhino is now very rare. He is much larger than his black brother, with a big head that looks as if it were a fourth of his body. He is very ugly and vicious looking, but he is not nearly so bad-tempered as the black fellow. He is not white at all. All of these rhinos that I have seen appeared to be just as black as the Black Rhino. He was probably

named "White Rhino" because he was first found on the banks of the White Nile.

In India the rhino has only one horn, and his skin laps over in wrinkles like a boiler plate. In Borneo is found a smaller, two-horned rhino who has short hairs growing in his skin. In Sumatra the rhino is very similar to the one found in India.

I wish I knew where I could find one of those great big giants I used to read about in fairy-tales. If I could, I would take him with me to Africa. I would have some one make a huge paddle for him—and then I would have him catch every rhinoceros in the forest and give it a good, sound spanking.

He would have to be an awfully big giant because rhinos grow as big as elephants. And they are the meanest, ugliest, most ill-tempered beasts in the world. I don't think they have a friend in all Africa.

When I first went to that distant continent, travelers and explorers told me to beware of the terrible rhino. This beast has killed several persons for no reason at all. So when I tell you that the rhino has caused me more worry than all the other animals of Africa put together, you will not wonder that I call our rhino baby the Bad Boy of the jungle.

Martin and I have met with our most perilous and trying adventures in obtaining photographs of rhinos. The rhino is the most difficult beast of all to hunt with the camera. All pictures of him must be made in open country.

This huge and dangerous animal is always alert and always on the warpath. When any creature comes near him his ears twitch, his nerves tighten, and he feels a mad urge to destroy.

We have spent weeks and even months in the lonely land of Africa trying to get pictures of rhinos. We have trudged many weary miles under a blazing sun, so hot that it seemed to stab its way right through to our very bones.

Usually we find the rhino sleeping in the daytime. Martin is so patient and so persevering. Slowly he moves his camera, foot by foot, toward the beast, until he is close enough to get a picture. I go along, clutching my rifle. I don't know why it is that my heart beats so fast when I see a rhino—I always seem to get so nervous, but I don't mind elephants one bit. When we get close enough, Martin begins to turn the crank of his movie camera. Then we just hope for the best. Sometimes we get the picture, and

sometimes the mean old fellow wakes up—leaps to his feet—his ears begin to twitch—and then he is liable to charge us.

Now if you have ever stood in the middle of a highway in the path of a big automobile speeding toward you, you will have some idea of the feeling of terror that grips me when I see a rhino charging madly upon me. Fortunately this feeling lasts only a second, and then comes the urge for self-protection. Sometimes it is necessary to shoot, and to shoot promptly and accurately.

Martin and I try every means we can think of to scare a charging rhino and make him let us alone. On several occasions, though, we have been forced to kill to save our lives. We feel well repaid for our troubles, however, and I think Martin has made the best pictures of rhinos that have ever been made.

Our little rhino baby, Bad Boy, was born under a stunted tree surrounded by grass almost as high as a house. He never saw his father. He slept a great deal while he was little. His mother's name was Trouble.

Bad Boy saw his mother mostly in the daytime. She would come and feed him milk. Often at night

she would be away. But somehow, in spite of her wanderings, she always managed to watch over him. Some strange instinct seemed to tell Trouble when danger threatened Bad Boy.

If a careless hyena or a sly old cheetah wandered close to where Bad Boy slept, Trouble would come charging home, snorting, and as mad as a million hornets. The hyena would run away from there as fast as possible—so would the cheetah. There wasn't an animal in the jungle that wanted to be very close to Trouble.

When Bad Boy first began to notice things, he thought that his mother was the grandest beast in all creation. She was huge; weighed about five thousand pounds. She had two horns on her nose, the lowest one being about twenty-four inches long. Trouble's skin was almost an inch thick, but she did not have much hair to protect her from insects and the hot African sun. Perhaps that is why she spent most of her time under a shady tree when the sun was shining.

Trouble's nose was the most interesting thing about her. It was immense! On the end of it she

had a big finger. She used this to pull up grass and roots which she stuffed into her mouth to eat.

This mother rhino couldn't see very well. Her eyes were in the sides of her head. Her nose was so long and her horns were so large that it was hard for her to see over them.

But to make up for this lack of sight Trouble had a remarkably keen sense of smell. When some strange animal came near her, she knew it even before she could turn her huge head to one side and focus an eye upon it. Her nose told her.

She was an awkward-looking creature with short, wobbly legs. They didn't seem strong enough to support her heavy body. She wore three hoofs on each foot. But what she lacked in beauty she made up in speed, for when she decided to run, she could carry her great bulk over the ground faster than a horse can travel. Fortunately she could not keep up this pace very long. Neither could she turn around very easily nor quickly, once she got going.

When Bad Boy got big enough to walk around, he had a hard time of it. He looked like a little pig that was nearly all head.

One day Trouble decided that her son was big

enough to see the world, so she told him to come along with her. They started out, Trouble in the lead and Bad Boy trailing behind. It wasn't long until they were out of the high grass and into a smooth trail which ran through a country covered with a tangle of grass, shrubs, and vines. The trail itself was clear because Trouble, her relatives, and her ancestors had been traveling over it for many centuries.

It was dark when mother and son started down the jungle trail and soon Bad Boy got tired and lagged behind. Trouble, who was not a gentle mother, came back to him and told him in a mean tone of voice that he must keep up with her. He was frightened and tried his best to go as fast as she did. However, he fell behind again, and then his mother came back and punched him with her sharp horn. She did this several times when he lagged.

Finally they reached a place where there was a large, muddy pool of water where many other animals were drinking. Three of them were rhinos and looked a great deal like Trouble. All the other animals kept away from the rhinos, but Trouble walked right in among them. She found a muddy place and sank into it up to her shoulders. She rolled back and forth and

splashed mud all over Bad Boy. She drank a great deal of water and wallowed about as if she were taking a bath.

Bad Boy ventured in a little way. It was all so strange to him, and he was timid. When his little legs first sank into the soft, cool ooze it was pleasant. He wriggled about a little and rolled over. He also drank some water, but it was muddy and not nearly so good as the milk mother gave him, so he stopped drinking it.

Bad Boy just stayed where he was, resting from his weary journey and enjoying the pleasant sensation of the cool mud. It seemed a very long time to him before his mother got through bathing, but she finally did and walked out onto the bank. Bad Boy followed.

Trouble turned over a bush with her big horn and ate the roots. Then she turned over a small tree and ate its roots. That horn on her nose was certainly big and strong.

Another rhino bumped against her. There was a fight. Trouble stabbed the other rhino with her horn, then both started after each other with their sharp, spear-like horns. It was a terrific fight, punctuated with the squeals and ominous grunts of the two huge

beasts as they plunged upon each other. The earth trembled as they leaped about and their heavy bodies crashed against each other. This continued until both the rhinos were exhausted and bleeding, when they were forced to stop from lack of energy to go on.

Trouble called to Bad Boy and told him to follow her, and they walked again for many miles. Then Trouble dropped under a tree and went to sleep. Bad Boy had his breakfast and rested. Trouble slept most of the day. At times she would wake up and eat leaves from near-by trees, but she couldn't stay awake very long.

As it began to grow dark, Trouble became wide awake and again told Bad Boy to come along. They trudged down to the water-hole where mother had another fight. The same thing happened almost every night after that. Mother seemed to have the meanest disposition.

Bad Boy became accustomed to this nightly travel to the water-hole. He began to look around and observe things. One night he walked over to a rhino about his own size and playfully prodded it with the bump on his nose that would some day be his horn. It was a girl rhino and she bit his ear in return for

his playfulness. The bad jungle babies stood back and glared at each other. Then they decided to be friends. Just about this time Trouble and the rhino girl's mother started for each other and there was another fight.

Bad Boy and his new friend decided not to pay any attention to their mothers. They were too familiar with this fighting. Instead, the two walked up a trail and hid behind some rocks, looking for adventure.

A hyena came along and the two of them charged out after it. The hyena cried out in terror and ran away. Bad Boy and the rhino girl thought this was a fine joke and chased it.

From that time on, Bad Boy became just as mean and ugly-tempered as his mother. Whenever they would come near another animal, he would urge her to go after it, and charge right along with her. At times he would pretend that some tree or bush was an animal, and rush up and butt it with his head.

Bad Boy became so that he hated every other living animal. Sometimes he even hated his mother, Trouble. But she gave him plenty of milk and slept nearly all day and didn't bother him. At night he would keep away from her when she was feeling ill-tempered.

When Trouble would be sleeping in the daytime, a little tick bird would light upon her and peck away at her tough skin. Bad Boy didn't like this very well and wanted to catch that little bird and kill it. But strange to say, mother didn't seem to mind the little bird.

One day, when Bad Boy was beginning to feel quite grown up, one of the little tick birds hopped upon him. It ran down his back and caught and ate some insects that were boring into his skin and stinging him. From that time on, Bad Boy realized why his mother had not bothered the little bird hopping about on her. It became the nearest thing to a friend he had in all his life.

The first time I saw Bad Boy, he was dozing under a tree beside his mother who appeared to be sound asleep. I had no desire whatsoever to meet either of them.

That morning Martin had announced that he was going out to take some pictures of rhinos and had asked me to come along. I couldn't say no, but I must confess that I was truly scared to meet a rhino. I had heard so many stories of how dangerous and mean these animals were.

We came upon Bad Boy and his mother, apparently fast asleep. Martin moved his motion picture camera quietly and carefully, until he got it close to them. Then he began to turn the crank and take pictures. Bad Boy woke up and got on his feet and Trouble also showed signs of awakening.

"They look so tame, dear," Martin said, "why don't you try to take a picture of them with your still camera?"

They didn't look so tame to me, but I opened my camera and focused it upon them. Just about that time I noticed Bad Boy wiggle his little nose and nudge his mother, and I knew by his horrid expression that he had told Trouble to charge at us, and she did.

We were standing beside a little tree not big enough to climb or to hide behind. Suddenly the mother rhino jumped to her feet. Martin kept turning the crank of his movie camera. Trouble and Bad Boy ran straight toward us. Martin told me to shoot in the ground in front of them, thinking this would frighten them and they would turn away and run off so I would not have to hurt them.

But they kept straight on their course toward us. Then Martin seized his gun and fired bullets in front

of them so rapidly that they did become thoroughly alarmed and ran into the tree beside us and knocked it down. Both of them fell down, too, but picked themselves up as quickly as they were able and ran off.

On the way back to camp Martin inquired if I had taken a picture. I told him I had, but when he developed the plate that was in my camera, there was nothing on it. I had been so scared when the rhino came after us that I had pointed the camera straight up at the sky and opened the shutter.

It was the dry season in Africa. The blazing sun just seemed to loaf along in the sky, pouring its torrid waves upon the panting earth. It burned the trees and grass. The landscape looked brown, drab, and desolate. This hot weather made it necessary for Trouble and Bad Boy to travel to the water-hole during the day as well as at night.

One morning Martin and I were at the water-hole with our camera when along came Bad Boy and Trouble. Trouble grunted and squealed. She made a bluff as if to charge us several times, but she must have remembered the shooting as she did not come near. The two rhinos were determined to drink, how-

ever, and would not run away. Martin and I finally left them to drink in peace.

The next day we were at the same place when the two rhinos came down to drink again. Trouble was terribly angry when she saw us, and stood and glared. Her ears quivered. Then she decided to put an end to this interference. She charged toward us and I began to scream. A woman's scream was something new to her and didn't sound encouraging. She veered away from us and changed her mind about charging.

We were not at the drinking place the next day and I suppose Trouble and Bad Boy believed they had completely bluffed us.

From that time on, Bad Boy and Trouble had it in for me. They chased me every time they saw me and made me climb up horrid old thorn threes to get away from them.

One day I went out with one of the black boys who carried my guns when I went into the forest. I wanted to shoot some partridge for supper. We came upon some birds beside a big bush. I took the shot gun from the black boy and started toward them. Suddenly, from behind the bush, walked Bad Boy and Trouble. They started for me immediately.

Now, rhinos would not feel shot fired from a shotgun any more than you would feel hail striking your face during a storm. There was only one thing to do —so I ran. The black boy followed suit. The first tree we came to was too large for us to climb. We ran to another but were not able to get up into it. All this time those bad rhinos were gathering speed. Old Trouble's nose was down and her horns were sticking straight out. She looked like a freight car with legs instead of wheels.

The black boy and I finally found a tree with limbs that we could reach. I don't remember how we climbed into it, but we did. Trouble and Bad Boy came thundering by the tree and just kept on going. My heart was beating so fast and I was breathing so hard that I could not move. I got over the fright in a little while, but I never ventured out after birds again without taking my powerful rifle along.

It seems as though these rhinos, when they see anything in their way, have a desire to run right through it. One night a rhino ran through the tent in which our black boys were sleeping. He carried it away with him, but luckily no one was hurt. The next morning I asked my little personal black boy

where he was when the rhino came through the camp, and he said.

"I went up a tree, memsab."

I said, "Oh! Alla, why did you go up a tree?"

"Because, memsab, you see I am my mother's only boy."

When we reached the garden we saw our poor melons. They were mashed flatter than five pancakes. Trouble and Bad Boy had been there the night before and had rolled on them.

Martin was so disappointed and angry at the time that he threatened to kill every rhino he saw after that. But he did not carry out his threat.

I think the spoiling of our watermelons was about the meanest trick any animal every played on us. Do you blame me for wanting to have all of the Bad Boys of the jungle spanked?

"CHUA KIDOGO"

CHUA KIDOGO

WHEN the African sun spreads its white blaze over the land, there is no place in the world so kind and sheltering as the forest that surrounds our beautiful Lake Paradise. When we are homeward bound from the parching bush, the age-old trees wave a welcome to us. They send forth a promise of protection in their wide, cool depths that speeds our footsteps along the burning trail.

Martin and I were returning from a trying day on the plains, when we found our little pet, Chua Kidogo, an African genet cat. We had been out in the terrible blaze for hours, seeking pictures of savage beasts. The sun rode high that day without a cloud to dull its rays. The sky was clear and blue. A deluge of hot, dry air poured from the heavens.

It had been a weary trek. The sun kept boring

down upon us with relentless cruelty. The air was so hot and dry that it absorbed the perspiration from my skin. I could almost see the foliage curling up and dying on the bushes. I dared not touch the barrel of my rifle for fear of getting burned.

The forest sent out a cooling breeze to greet us. As we stepped into its kindly depths, the sensation was that of a mother's hand caressing a fevered brow. Tops of the mighty trees entwined their sturdy limbs about each other, forming a roof that even the powerful sun could not pierce. The air was cool and refreshing, savored with the odor of flowers and leaves and healthy woodland plants.

Martin and I led the black boys to the foot of an ancient tree where the white heat could not find us. There we dropped our gear and sprawled upon the ground, grateful for the relief of the friendly woods.

After a brief rest, we continued on our way, enjoying the pleasant stroll through the shade. We were almost home, when the sharp eye of Mogo, one of our black boys, caught sight of three young genet cats bathing in the light that filtered through the leaves in a sparsely sheltered spot.

He directed our attention to them and we stopped.

I saw what first appeared to be three bits of fur, spotted with black and white. The animals were mere kittens out for a sun bath and enjoying it with that calm, sleepy pleasure so characteristic of the cat.

As I looked, one of them yawned, stretching his little head dreamily upward. Then he began to polish his soft, smooth coat with his tongue and forepaw. Another of the kittens rolled over on its back and tried to catch its tail. The third just slept.

I fell in love with the tiny creatures immediately, and wanted one of them. We had the black boys surround the glade in which they were loafing so pleasantly. Slowly the boys approached the cats and then made a rush upon them.

Two of them got away but one of the boys made a lucky grab and caught the smallest one by the scruff of the neck. The poor little fellow was frightened out of his wits. He snarled and stabbed the black boy with a sharp claw. Martin tossed a cloth about him, however, and after a few brief struggles, he remained quiet as we carried him home.

Our home at Lake Paradise is a house we built when we became enamored with that most alluring spot in Africa. After we reached it we placed our

captive in a box covered with slats of wood. I felt sorry for the kitten. He crouched in a corner, arched his back, and made a hissing noise; such a pathetic and helpless little fighter. The hair on his back and long ringed tail stood out. He possessed the courage of desperation.

We placed meat in the box, but he would not eat it. We gave him water, but he would not drink. The next morning I went out early to see our genet cat. Fear still gripped his heart and he cowered in a corner. I talked to him gently for a long time but seemingly made no impression.

For two days our Chua Kidogo would not eat or drink water. On the third day thirst overcame his terror. One of the boys placed a tin containing milk in the box. We watched from a distance. Chua could not resist the temptation. He began to lap up the milk hungrily and soon the pan was empty. Then we gave him a piece of meat and he ate it.

The following day the little animal permitted me to rub his head and run my fingers behind his ears. Gradually he became friendly, and began to watch for my visits. I would put my hand through the slats on the box and Chua would walk back and forth,

smoothing his fur against it. He liked the milk and bits of meat we gave him. Soon his fear disappeared.

After keeping Chua in the box for two weeks, I picked him up one day and carried him into the house. I placed him on my lap and petted his silky fur. I talked to him. He enjoyed this attention immensely.

From that time on, Chua became a highly entertaining member of the household. He made a thorough investigation of every corner and cranny in the place. He rubbed his back against Martin's legs. A moth found its way inside the house and Chua caught it in his clever claws. While I was busy in the kitchen, he continually got in my way, for all the world like a kitten back home in America.

Genet cats soon became a nuisance, so Martin built a trap to catch them. It was simply a box with a door that would fall shut when a cat went inside after the meat which was tied to a string. When we first built the trap, we had no idea how we were to dispose of the animals once we caught them, for of course we did not wish to keep them. Neither could we kill the pretty little nuisances. But they solved the problem for us, for whenever we caught some during the night, we would observe next morning that their noses were sore

from rubbing alongside the box in their efforts to get free, so we would turn them loose. We felt that their sore noses would teach them to keep away from us. And so they did, for we never caught a genet cat with a sore nose, proving that they never came back again.

But the usefulness of the trap gave out, when Chua Kidogo discovered where he could get fresh meat each night. We would awaken each morning to find Chua curled up asleep inside the box, full of meat, purring and happy. He never rubbed his nose sore for he knew we would let him out in the morning. After Martin had caught Chua in the box each morning for about a week, he gave up the trap and stopped trying to catch Chua's wild brothers, for Chua always beat his pals to it.

Chua had a great time with the black boys. The boys fixed up a ball of feathers and tied it on the end of a stick. They would shake it at the genet cat and he would go after it. Chua could leap twice his length into the air and he was a picture of grace and action when at play.

Genet cats, like all of their relatives, are night animals. They make their homes in caves or hollow trees. It is unusual for anyone to catch a glimpse of them in

the daytime. Their fur is a mass of black and white spots. They have long tails covered with rings of gray and black fur.

At night the genet cat prowls through the forest in search of food. It lives mostly on birds or their eggs which it hunts in the tree tops. I have seen many of these animals in the rays of a flashlight shot through the dark, but very few in the daylight.

We gave little Chua his liberty after I brought him into the house. At first I expected that he would disappear and leave us, but evidently he thought we were very good company and adopted us.

This little African kitten developed into a persistent beggar. He would stroll into the dining room while Martin and I were eating and watch us. If we did not notice him right away he would make a *yeoawing* noise and look at us with a grave and injured expression.

Then we would give him a piece of meat or call one of the boys to bring in a pan of milk. Chua would dispose of it and become contented. But he was a vain little creature. He would curl up on his back and fight an imaginary enemy. Then he would get on his feet and jump into the air after a fly. All of

the time he watched us slyly to see whether we were noticing him. If he felt that our interest lagged he would rub his sides on our legs and insist on attention.

In the forest around Lake Paradise were eight or nine deep, rocky water-holes. Wide trails led to them from the Lake, through the most beautiful forests in the world.

Martin and I would go to these water-holes at every opportunity, for not only were the walks delightful, but we were always sure of adventure with wild game. Sometimes herds of elephants would dispute the trails with us. Then either the big beasts would stampede into the denser forests, or we would give them the right of way by climbing trees. I think I am the world's champion tree climber.

One day, with a dozen boys carrying our cameras, we came to a clearing with one small dead tree in the center. We had to pass close to it. Most of the safari had already passed and I was directly under the tree when I heard a whining, frightened noise. I looked up and there at the very top was a beautiful genet cat, perched on the highest branch and looking frightened and miserable. The poor fellow was afraid

to get down, and there were no other trees close enough for him to jump to and so escape into the forest.

The boys all came running up and one of them started to shake the tree, whereupon the little cat cried most pitifully. I made the boy stop and then drew everyone away. The little genet then came down like a streak of lightning and with three big bounds was lost in the woods. I do not think he ever was so frightened before.

Chua grew rapidly into a graceful, sturdy cat. When darkness fell, the call of the wild was strong upon him. One evening, just before darkness smothered the last glimmer of daylight, I saw Chua slinking away toward the forest.

It was the mating season and the breath of the woodland had whispered the age old call of love to our little pet. From that time on he was away from the house each night, returning in the early hours of the morning to sleep and drowse through most of the day.

At times Martin and I would walk in the night woods and listen to the savage sounds. We believed we could distinguish the cries of the genet cat and visioned a primitive, fighting romance for our Chua.

One morning I found the little fellow drooping at the side of my bed. There was a nasty scar across the top of his head, made, probably, by a rival in the night. Dear little Chua seemed ill, tired, and exhausted. I took him in my arms and ran my fingers over the fur bordering his wound. I talked to him sympathetically. I called one of the boys and had him bring a pan of milk. Chua seemed to have no appetite, but took a few laps of the food as though to let me know that he was grateful. I folded a blanket in a corner and placed him on it. Chua curled up into a little furry ball and went to sleep.

I gave the genet cat little attention that day due to a frightful experience that gave me a dreadful chill. It occurred at the improvised meat cellar which I had the black boys build out of a gasoline tin back of our house.

The boys made a square container of the tin and arranged a hinged door for it. They covered it with earth so that only the door could be reached. I thought this was a real invention, and that it would protect our food from the prowling thieves of the night.

On this particular morning, I opened the door and started to put my hand in the box. I heard a slight

noise and instantly withdrew my hand. Inside was a cobra, coiled and ready to strike. I am deathly afraid of snakes. Perhaps it is because they are such silent, sneaking, slimy things. I would much prefer to meet an elephant or a lion any day than a snake.

For a second this coiled reptile took all the life out of me. I trembled with fright and then relieved my nervous tension with a scream. The boys ran to me and killed the snake, but I felt jumpy and nervous the rest of the day.

After the evening meal I sat in my room reading a magazine. I was tired and began to doze a bit when suddenly something struck me in the chest. I was sure that it was a snake that had fallen from the ceiling, and jumped to my feet, yelling as loudly as I could. Martin ran to me and we looked all over the room but saw no trace of a snake. Chua sat in a corner watching us with calm, solemn eyes.

I thought perhaps it was just a dream and felt ashamed of my alarm. Then I returned to my reading determined to get my thoughts away from the cobra in the cellar.

I was wide awake when something fell on me again. It was Chua. The little genet cat had re-

covered from his rough treatment in the forest and apparently thought he had devised a delightful game. I pushed him away from me and gave him a severe scolding.

Chua sat on the floor gazing at me. His long tail was curled about his feet. His eyes were wide and questioning. The little ears stood erect on his head. He was the picture of attention.

Chua had beautiful eyes. They were of a brownish color with slit-like pupils that seemed to express all the wisdom of the ages. As that little cat watched me through my tantrum I felt that he was studying me with a feeling of patience and tolerant contempt for my weakness.

One night I was awakened by a loud grunt and then a yell from Martin. Chua had dropped from the highest rafter in our hut directly on Martin's stomach and knocked the wind out of him. He was so angry that he jumped out of bed and chased the mischievous little cat out of the house. But before morning Chua did his drop again and this time Martin swore he would shoot the little devil next morning. Of course, I knew he would not as he was very fond of Chua. He did, however, get a blanket and tied it by the four

corners above his bed, so that afterwards, when Chua jumped, he landed in the blanket instead of on Martin.

The eyes of a cat express mysticism and an understanding that seems immortal. Chua seemed to look into the depths of my soul making me feel small and incomplete. The cat is mystical, solemn, wise, and elusive.

It was Chua that made me realize what perfect hunting beasts and killers the cats are. This spotted little prowler was as patient as old age. His muscles were perfect, strong, quick and tireless. His jaws were small, but powerful, the teeth sharp and strong.

Chua's paws were soft as velvet but the ends of his toes concealed sharp, ripping claws that darted from their scabbards of flesh at will. Even his whiskers were assets for night hunting. They helped him to slink along silently through the dark. A cobweb brushing against one of those innocent whiskers would stop his progress and warn him against carelessness. And his eyes were attuned to the night with pupils that dilated widely and permitted him to see in the dark as clearly as in the light of day.

Chua resumed his nightly wanderings before the

wound on his head had healed. He did not forget his jumping game, however, and in the early hours of the morning he would climb to the ceiling and leap upon my chest. The more I scolded him, the better he seemed to like this trick, and he would keep it up until I got out of bed and chased him from the house.

The little genet cat took possession of our house at Lake Paradise. So much so, in fact, that he became a nuisance. One night I was aroused by a scuffling noise in our kitchen. I went out to see what it was all about and found four genet cats stealing some meat I had prepared for the morrow. My flashlight scared them away.

I have no proof that Chua was one of them, but I am convinced that he was there and had invited some of his friends in to share of the Johnson's bounty.

A few mornings later I caught Chua red-pawed in an act of thievery. I was aroused by the frightened cackling of a hen and went to the chicken coop which we guarded so carefully. And there was Chua. He had chased the hen from her nest and was eating an egg she had laid.

I was thoroughly angry. I scolded the little genet cat and slapped him. A few nights later he went into

the forest and never came back again. I have always felt that disaster overtook him in the dangerous dark of the woodland.

A few weeks later Martin and I were far from our Lake Paradise seeking animal pictures. We had our black boys build a house for us in a tree overlooking a water-hole. It was made of grass and leaves covering sticks tied together with cowhide. A rope ladder gave us access to it.

I slept little the first night in our tree house. Sounds of death, destruction, and terror of the savage country drifted upon me. I was restless. While lying there unable to relax my nerves, I felt a pair of eyes focused upon me. It made me nervous.

I nudged Martin to awaken him. Then I turned on my flashlight. The rays of it fell upon a genet cat which crouched on a tree limb watching us. The light frightened the animal away.

For a minute I thought that it was little Chua returned to us from the mysterious dark. But this could not be so. We were miles from Lake Paradise and it is certain that Chua's nine lives were ended long before we left the friendly forest.

"ORPHAN PUNDA"

LITTLE ORPHAN PUNDA

LITTLE Orphan, the Zebra baby, was slowly walking along the fringe of the Kaisoot Desert when our paths first crossed in Africa.

It was during the hot season. The earth was covered with an unseen blanket of thick, heavy heat. During the day, the sun rode the sky unmolested by shielding clouds. Grass on the plains shriveled. Leaves of the trees turned brown and drooped. Rivers became ditches of dried-up mud.

I was resting in the scanty shade of a Mimosa tree when Punda came into view. We saw each other at the same instant. A feeling of pity for the poor little animal filled my heart. Punda stopped as though paralyzed with fear. His ears became erect. His nostrils were distended. Flesh on his shoulders quivered ever so slightly. One front foot was poised in the air.

Punda was a Zebra about half grown. Dust from the baking grassland powdered the beautiful coat which God had given him. He was so thin that his ribs made shadows in the sunlight. Half of his right ear had been torn away by some jungle creature. He appeared sick and weary.

I made an unconscious gesture of sympathy toward the little Zebra. Immediately his fear turned into panic. He wheeled about and galloped across the ashes of grass. In his wake was a cloud of dust through which I could clearly vision the story of his life.

Punda was born beneath a lonesome tree in the grassland before the sun woke up to begin its torrid journey of the day.

His body was white, striped with irregular lines of black as though some modernistic artist had designed his coat. Lying in the grass, he looked like a crumpled awning.

Beside him stood his mother, a fiery beast about the size of a large Shetland Pony. Not far away was a herd of Zebras. Some of them nosed the dry grass for tender shoots that lurked near the ground. Others dozed in the sunshine. A few of the youngsters made

high jinks, kicking up their heels, racing, and fighting.

Mother Zebra made an odd noise and several animals sauntered over from the herd. They stood about and looked at little Punda. They made barking sounds, seeming to express their opinion about the new member of the family.

While this conference was being held, Mother was busy polishing Punda's coat with her tongue. The baby Zebra fell asleep. When he awoke, Mother was standing beside him. She then gave him some milk to drink and urged him to stand up.

Punda was a droll creature when he got on his feet. His legs were so thin and wobbly that he could hardly walk. They looked like crooked sticks.

Mother began to walk slowly and Punda staggered after her. He grew tired and sank to the ground. Then he got up and walked a little farther. When night put out the sun, he snuggled down on the grass again and went to sleep while Mother stood over him, watchful.

Deep in the night, Punda woke up with a start. A disturbing sound made his heart beat fast. The

noise was faint, like an echo of thunder strayed far away from the storm. Young as he was, Punda felt the menace of that sound. It was the roar of a lion. The little Zebra scrambled to his feet. Mother stood tense, silent, listening. Slowly the fearsome sound faded away and Punda returned to slumberland.

While still a tiny baby, Punda learned to fear the cat family.

Lions! Those big, powerful, silent creatures are the arch foes of the Zebra family. They like the meat of the striped ponies better than that of any other animal. They follow Zebra herds in their wanderings and hunt them at night.

And the Lion is a cunning fellow. He knows the Zebras much better than they know him. He knows how to stampede them from one point toward another where his mate is waiting to kill.

Mother knew and feared the Lion. There was a scar on her hip made by the slashing claw of one of those night beasts. But she was brave, smart, and strong. Others in the striped herd looked up to her.

When Punda grew stronger and began to nibble away at the jungle grass, Mother took him closer to the herd each day. The little fellow began to feel

happy and to enjoy life. He would jump up and down on his stiff little legs and gallop about in an awkward manner.

Mother found a beautiful tree by the side of a hill where she liked to go in the daytime. She would lie down and drowse and gossip with three other lady Zebras who gathered there. Punda made himself a bed of dust. Sometimes he would roll in it and have a grand time. He slept many hours.

Little Punda grew rapidly and soon became quite proud of himself. One day he slipped away from his mother and joined a strange herd of grown-up Zebras which wandered his way. They didn't take to him at all. One of them bit a piece out of his ear. Another kicked him. He ran back to Mother.

That night the herd was restless. Punda was bruised and tired, but the feeling of nervousness was contagious. He couldn't go to sleep.

Suddenly the terrible roar of a Lion rent the stillness of the night. It was a horrible noise which seemed to make the very air tremble. Zebras in the herd began to bark sharply. Suddenly, as if by a given signal, they started a mad dash away from that noise. Punda followed Mother.

The Zebras didn't know nor care where they were going. They had only one thought. To get away from that Lion. For miles they traveled, their hoofs beating a rhythmic tattoo on the surface of the plain. Try as he might, Punda could not keep pace with the herd. But they stopped before he was lost, and he caught up with Mother.

The next day one of the herd was missing. All of them knew that the Lion had taken his toll.

The Zebras began to travel away from that place because they knew they had wandered into a Lion country. After many days they came to a beautiful land where a hollow place along a river bed formed a tiny lake.

Peace reigned. Punda met a little girl Zebra about his own age with whom he loved to race and play. But the Lions had followed.

One sunny afternoon the Zebra herd approached the water-hole slowly and with great caution. They knew that if any members of the cat family were about they would be waiting at the water-hole, ready to pounce upon the striped ponies and tear them to pieces with their sharp, strong claws.

As they neared the water's edge, Mother, who was

at the head of the herd, stopped suddenly. All the other Zebras, there were nearly a hundred of them, stopped also. Punda couldn't understand, but he watched his mother closely. He saw her stare across the water. Following her gaze, Punda looked also. He knew that some peril lurked in that high grass across the lake. At last his eyes caught something unusual. There was a bush in the grass that had not been there the day before.

There is an old saying that "curiosity killed the cat." Curiosity has killed more than the cat, and has often helped the cat to kill.

Mother was curious. She left the herd and circled the water-hole. Punda saw her slowly approach that strange bush as if determined to learn what it was.

Now that bush was the mane of a huge male Lion. That's what Mother suspected, but she wanted to make sure. She was ready to wheel about and dash away at its slightest movement. She knew she could run much faster than the Lion.

Even so, it was only a kindly breeze that saved her. A puff of wind carried to her nose the odor of another Lion hidden farther back in the grass. She turned and jumped just in time. A growling, tawny streak shot

out of the grass. It was the mate of the Lion with the bush-like mane.

The Lioness leaped too late and Mother was away. The rest of the Zebras galloped from the water-hole also, Punda with them. Mother caught up with them later.

That night tragedy struck its cruel blow. It was an ominous night. Restless clouds spotted a dim moon. Sharp, swift breezes played discordant tunes on the trees and grass. The Zebra family, tired and frightened, dared not sleep.

Again the Lion's roar shook the darkness. The Zebra stampede began. Punda saw his mother stumble as though she had stepped into a hole. She ran slower after that.

The little Zebra saw a black shadow leap through the air. He heard his Mother's frenzied barking and the sound of ripping claws. Punda stopped and half turned to run back. Again fear gripped him. He knew that a Lion had caught his mother.

Punda began to run. He galloped for miles but could not find the herd. His legs were weak from exertion. He could hardly breathe. But on he ran

until, completely exhausted, he dropped to the ground so tired that he didn't care what happened.

When Punda awoke next morning his muscles were sore and stiff. He was terribly thirsty. His nerves were numbed from the tragic experience of the night. In a vague way he realized what had happened but, like a little boy, he hoped that it had been only a bad dream.

He got to his feet and looked around, hoping that he could see the rest of the herd, wishing above all that he could see his mother safe and strong and well. But Punda was alone. Search as he might, he could not find another Zebra. Memories of the night before became clearer. He realized what had happened to Mother. But no, he would not believe it. He would search and find her. Then all would be well.

The little Zebra was too thirsty, and burdened too much with sorrow to eat. He had only one desire; to find his mother and the Zebra family.

Punda began his wanderings. All through a hot and miserable day he searched the plains, but found no trace of his family. That night he was afraid to sleep. Fear of the Lion had stamped itself upon his brain. He kept away from trees and bushes and

sought the clearest places he could find. Even the rustling of grass in the breeze made him tremble with fear.

For days Punda roamed about, lonesome and weary. He began to grow thin. His strength was ebbing away. One day he tried to join a herd of Kongoni, but they chased him away. Again he made friendly advances to some young Topis. An angry mother started after him and he ran as fast as he could.

Punda was in despair. If only he could find Mother or some of the other Zebra family! On he wandered, now and then browsing half-heartedly on the grass, sipping a mouthful of water from a stagnant pool.

The little Zebra was sick and weary when he finally reached a place where the grass was green and tender. His despair gave him courage to approach a ridge of trees. He reached a river. The water was clean and sweet. Punda drank deeply. He slept.

When he awoke he crossed the stream and walked to the edge of the little forest on the other side. There on the plain, he saw a group of animals that looked a great deal like those of his own family. These animals were colored a great deal like the Zebras Punda had seen. They were much larger than any of his

friends, however, and their stripes were narrower. They did not bark like Mother and relatives, but made a queer, throaty noise.

Punda was afraid, but he wandered slowly toward some of the younger of these strange Zebras. They were friendly and seemed curious about him, and Punda was grateful for their kindness.

Apparently there were no Lions about, for these Zebras seemed contented. They permitted Punda to wander over the ground with them. He began to eat more grass. Gradually his strength came back. The big Zebras continued to be kind.

Then one day a strange thing happened. Punda heard a familiar bark. He looked around and saw, not far away, three Zebras that looked just like his old playmates. He ran toward them, delighted. One was the girl Zebra he had played with a long time ago. She told him a sad story of how Lions had followed the herd for weeks and months, driving them away from water, killing them and chasing them so much that they became separated. They had wandered for weeks in fear of their lives. Then Punda told about the strange Zebras and how friendly they were. He

took them to the herd and let the others know they were his friends.

The little Zebras lived with their big cousins for weeks in peace and contentment. But the Lions came again. One night there was a stampede. Punda and the other little Zebras became separated from the big fellows, but they escaped without loss of life.

From that time on they kept to themselves and formed a herd of their own. Punda became a strong, keen fellow and the head of the family.

One day Martin and I were taking pictures of Zebras at a water-hole. One of them, who seemed to be the boss of the herd, had a torn right ear. I am sure he was my little Punda.

"POOR LITTLE SIMBA"

POOR LITTLE SIMBA

IT was in the land of Chobe on the other side of the Meru forest that Martin, my husband, and I found Poor Little Simba.

We were two of the very few white people who ever penetrated into this distant land in far off Africa. We came to hunt. Not with guns as most people do, but with cameras and moving picture machines, so that we might take back to our homeland pictures of this strange, mysterious, and alluring land. We carried weapons, of course. We had to shoot animals for

meat and to protect ourselves from the savage beasts of the jungle.

This area near the land of the Meru Country was a paradise for Martin. Because of their religious belief, natives rarely killed wild animals. The region was abundant with big game; elephants, lions, buffalo, leopards, rhinoceros, zebra, and all kinds of antelope. And they were not so wild here. Sometimes we could get quite near to them. Many seemed as curious about us as we were about them.

In the grassy plains of Chobe, Poor Little Simba attracted our attention. He was just a wee tyke of a lion cub, not more than three months old. He could scarcely stand, he was so weak and frail from lack of food. It was a pity. With the cub was his mother, a gaunt, thin, half-starved lioness. The ribs showed through her tawny ragged coat. She too was weak and spiritless from lack of food.

"The king of beasts looks all worn out," Martin remarked as he looked at the cub.

"Poor little Simba," I said, and it is by that name that we have always remembered him. Poor little Simba had seen better days, happy, golden, lovely days in the grass-covered plains with his father,

mother, brother, and all the lion family. His father was a fine fellow. He wore a coat that looked like gold when the African sun polished it. His mane was long and streaked with black. It was so long that it parted in the middle, and then it waved like a handful of grass when he sat dreaming in the wind. He used a black tassel on the end of his tail to drive the flies away and whisk about when he was angry.

This papa lion was lazy. He liked to rest in the glorious sunshine and enjoy the sweet warm African breeze. He was beautiful, he was so huge. His eyes were gentle; he looked like a kind old judge, wise and solemn.

But mamma lion was the best. She also was handsome to see. Her coat was smooth and glossy. She loved papa lion. You could tell by the way she sprawled in the grass and watched him with her big, patient eyes. She was younger than papa lion. The two met one day when the jungle grass sang a song of savage love. They approached each other slowly. Papa strutted a bit proudly. He talked in a grunty voice. Mamma lion walked away from papa because she did not like his gruff voice, but papa lion changed his tone to a more mellow one and started calling

mamma. She liked it and came running back to him.

Mamma became more modest. She hung back and flirted coyly with this handsome king of the jungle. But finally they came together and kissed each other. They rubbed their soft fur sides together. They spoke of love in the lion language.

Then they sprawled under a big beautiful mimosa tree where papa told of plans for a glorious hunt. He knew where a herd of Zebras grazed when the shades of night came down. At moonrise, this pair of jungle lovers threaded their way through the grass land as quiet as a pair of mice on a velvet carpet. They came to the plain and found the Zebras. They studied the wind. They parted. Mamma made a wide circle to a point where the striped ponies could not get her scent. Papa waited a long time, then he also made a circuitous move opposite the path followed by the lady lion. He deliberately walked to a place where the wind blew his odor toward the Zebra herd. They smelled him and became nervous. When he was near enough, the lion let out a terrific roar. It was an awful noise. You could hear it two miles away.

Now Zebras are deathly afraid of the lion. He is their worst enemy. When that terrifying roar struck

their ears, they lost their heads and ran as hard as they could directly away from the lion. That is just what the cunning Mr. Lion wanted them to do. He had it all figured out. Mrs. Lion was waiting at a place where she knew the frightened zebras would pass in their mad flight. When a nice fat one came by she leaped from the grass on to its back and stuck her claws in the zebra's throat pulling it to its death.

It wasn't long before Mr. Lion came along and the two enjoyed a great feast. When they had eaten so much that their stomachs could hold no more, they crept away to hide in a quiet spot not far from the kill, so they could keep a watch over their meat. They had saved part of it for the next evening meal. They slept most of the day.

And then one day the babies came. Poor Little Simba, a brother, and a sister. They were born under a rock that stuck out of the ground in a plain covered with green bushes. Mamma loved them. She fed them every day and washed them with her tongue. But she couldn't let them come out from under the rock for a long time. She was with them always, except for a few hours in the night when she went out with papa to hunt for food. And the poor little cubs

all three huddled closely together and tried not to whimper although they were lonesome.

One morning, mamma brought home a chunk of zebra meat. How the three little cubs enjoyed it. They pulled at it with their tiny claws, and sunk their little teeth into it. They liked the taste of bloody flesh. Mamma stood by watching them; she was so proud of her lovely little babies.

Poor Little Simba, more venturesome than the other cubs, came from under the rock one day. Mamma slapped him with her big paw and knocked him back. The next day he came out again. Mamma let him stay. Soon brother and sister followed. What fun it was to be out in the warm sunshine. They frolicked about like the little kittens you see at home, boxing, wrestling, tumbling about, and growling with baby voices.

How cute they were. So fat they could hardly run without rolling over. Like three small balls of fluff they seemed, playing about in the warm sunlight in front of a big green bush that was simply covered with lovely golden African daisies.

Now came the days of joy for the three little cubs. Each morning mamma brought them zebra meat.

Each day she let them out to play in front of the rock. She was proud. Mamma was a great playmate. It was fun to slip up behind her and grab the tassel on the end of her tail. She would jerk it away and the cubs would leap for it again. Some times all three together. At times mamma would pretend that she was angry. She would knock the babies about with her great paws. They knew she didn't mean it. They could tell by her purring song and the light in her eyes. The cubs would charge upon her, bumping against her side and scrambling upon her back. Once in a while mamma spanked hard. When tiny teeth bit too deeply she would make a wide sweep with her paw and knock baby lion sprawling. Sometimes it took the breath out of the little fellow and he lay there for a few minutes to recover. Papa came around at times but he wasn't very friendly and did not like to play.

One day mamma was gone on an errand. A strange lady lioness came along and began to play with the little cubs. She tried to caress them but she was rough. The babies were afraid. Suddenly from around the other side of the hill came an angry lioness. A vicious snarl was heard that expressed anger, fear,

and hatred. It was mamma in the rôle of an outraged mother finding the kidnapper of her children.

The mamma lioness came in leaps and bounds, mad as a hornet. I grabbed my gun because she was so furious. But she wasn't mad at us at all. You see she had gone out to get some food for her little cubs, and while she was away another lioness wandered into the cave and adopted her babies, and she wasn't going to stand for it. Well, you may be sure she went after that old lioness. She leaped upon the intruder with bared fangs and slashing claws. A terrible fight followed. Mamma won and she drove that old lioness right out of the cave. The little cubs just stood by crying; they didn't know what it was all about. If their mother was killed, who would give them their milk, and who would bring them little bits of delicious zebra meat?

When it was all over, mamma lion petted her cubs. She rubbed up against the little fellows, began to wash them, and, in her animal way told her little babies not to be afraid—that she was back and all would be well.

But little sister didn't move. She lay sprawled out like a little crumpled piece of yellow fur. She

had been struck by a flying blow during the fight. She was dead. Mamma rolled the little body over and over with her nose and licked it, and caressed it, but it was too late to help little sister.

That night mamma took the two boy cubs away from there. She hid them under a big bush and did not go out to hunt. They were hungry the next day, but mamma got in touch with Mr. Lion and resumed her nightly expeditions.

Little brother became ill one day and he also died. Mamma was very sad. Again she moved with Poor Little Simba to a place where a lot of lions lived. She and papa knew them and they began to hunt together. One afternoon a strange thing happened. A crazy looking beast that made a chug, chug, chug noise came by. It was dragging a zebra behind it. The chug, chug beast went a little distance and stopped. The zebra stayed there. Papa jumped upon it and then looked proudly around as though he had made the kill. Mamma and four other lions joined him. They began to enjoy the meal.

A fight started and soon the six beasts were after each other. They hardly noticed the two white animals that walked on two legs and approached them

carrying a box with a crank on one side. The lions snarled, bit, and slapped each other. Papa lion hit another big fellow a blow on the jaw with his paw. The lion fell and lay still almost a minute before he could get up. Three lions jumped on papa all at once. He fought them off, but shortly afterward crawled away. He was badly hurt.

Papa lion lay down under a bush not far from the hiding place of Poor Little Simba. The other lions followed a zebra herd. Mamma wanted to go with them, but she was loyal and stayed behind.

Then followed evil days for the lion family. Mamma couldn't do a very good job hunting alone. She caught a rook rabbit now and then and a partridge or a greater bustard, something like our wild turkey, but this wasn't much for three hungry lions, and especially for Poor Little Simba who seemed to be hungry all the time. Papa was very sick and could hardly move. Mamma lion got very thin, so did her little cub, and he was hungry. Papa grew steadily weaker.

It was at this time that Martin and I discovered our Poor Little Simba. We saw the mother lion and her little son by a bush. It was one of the most piti-

ful sights I have ever seen among wild animals. The mother was a very young lioness and I think the cub was her first. She had seen a small herd of zebra and was trying to teach the youngster to help her kill one. She seemed to be talking to the little one and I imagined her saying, "Let us try to catch one of the zebra. I don't think we have a chance but we must do something. You, my son, are looking very peaked and I am getting frail. Do you realize that we haven't had food for several days? And there is your father. He is a cripple and cannot get food for himself. We must take him back some meat or he will die."

Poor little Simba looked wistfully at his mother as if to say, "But you know I am very small to try to catch a zebra. Why, most mothers never take their little ones out at my age."

"You are my only son. Your father is crippled and you must help me," the mother replied in her lion language. "I am not strong enough to catch a large animal alone."

"Now you see that little patch of ripe grass to our right? I'll go and lie down in it. The zebras are grazing toward it. You go behind them and give them your wind. Then you let out a growl. They will get

frightened and run my way. I'll try to catch one by the throat. Now don't you be afraid because they cannot hurt you."

But the lioness did not get a chance to carry out her plan. Martin and I approached them. They ran to a small ditch. Beside it under a big mimosa tree sat the crippled lion. He got up and limped toward the mother. The lion rubbed against his mate and licked her face. He stood back and gazed at her solemnly as if to say, "Did you get any meat?"

She looked at us and then at him inquiringly. "Did you ever see animals like that before?" "Yes, they are like those white animals that brought up the zebra over which we got into a fight and I got hurt. That's why I can't help you get meat."

My heart ached for them. This lioness was so faithful to her mate. She might have left him and joined up with the other lions, but she was loyal.

Martin and I felt so sorry that we shot a zebra for them. They were so meek, timid, and hungry. We took a few pictures of them and left. The next morning we came back.

We saw them safaring across country. Mamma lion was in the lead. Her mate limped along next

and then came Little Simba who, they hoped, would soon be big enough to help bring meat for the wounded father lion.

That was our last glimpse of Poor Little Simba.

THE LION AT MIDNIGHT

MY wish had been granted and there I was, alone at midnight on the African veldt. Some ten feet from me an angry lion paced back and forth, lashing his tail in fury. I clutched a sawed-off shotgun which Martin had once referred to as my bean shooter. My body was actually chilled with fear, each nerve taut to the breaking point.

As I look back on this adventure, each detail stands out sharp and clear. I can feel the emotion of terror clutching at my heart. Thoughts that passed through my mind return. It was my big moment in Africa,

one of the greatest thrills of my life! I am thankful to be able to tell the story of it.

Ambition placed me in that perilous predicament. For months I had been filled with a desire to take a flashlight picture of a lion by myself. Martin was reluctant to have me take the risk, but I was persistent and finally won his consent.

My blood was tingling with excitement as we made preparations for the picture. I killed a zebra and dragged it to an open space beside a little ditch near a big mimosa tree, a favorite place of the lion family.

Martin arranged three cameras focused on the kill. He prepared the flash powder and the wires used to explode it. It was agreed that should I need him, I would fire three times into the air.

Dusk came stealing silently over the landscape as our preparations were completed. I snuggled down in the seat of my car, a pile of blankets, my weapons, and a flashlight beside me. Martin entered his truck and started back to camp.

As that sturdy truck of Martin's bounced its way over the plains my courage began to falter. As a rule I felt no great fear when I stood near Martin and watched him take pictures of savage jungle creatures.

But to be alone at night in a strange country and surrounded by wild beasts was a new and terrifying experience. I felt an impulse to call Martin back and give up the undertaking, but managed to get a grip upon myself and remain silent as his machine faded into the distance, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

The minutes turned into hours after Martin left. Night seemed so slow and laggard in its approach. Shadows took on queer shapes in the thickening dusk. Imagination proved a troublesome companion on this lonely vigil. I could hear the first faint noises that marked awakening of the creatures of the night. Then came darkness. And with it the storm.

It was one of those sudden, violent storms that sometimes sweep across Africa. The atmosphere became chilled. Sharp gusts of wind slapped against the tree tops. I could smell the rain approaching from afar.

In the distance a violent zigzag of lightning slashed its way straight down from the sky and crashed its way into the forest. A mumble of thunder followed. The breeze freshened. Thunder became a roar. Lightning ripped through the sky in furious streaks. One bolt fell on a tree not far from where I sat and

ripped it to pieces. A ball of fire rolled onto the plain and exploded with a loud crash.

Then rain fell. It was one of those drenching, wind-swept downpours from which there is no escape. Billows of raindrops swept against my car with the noise of ocean waves washing a beach. The water poured into the car and everything was soaked. Clothing clung to my body, a wet, sticky mass. I could feel rivulets of rain creep into my shoes. I grabbed my rifle and fired three shots into the air.

Never before was sound so welcome as that of the steady drone of Martin's motor as he drove through the storm toward me. I entered his car and wrapped myself in a dry coat which he had brought for me. The storm continued to rage as we made our way back to camp and for a time we were lost.

As we were casting about for our bearings, the headlights of the car fell upon a baby Thompson's gazelle and blinded him. I jumped out of the car, picked him up, and carried him inside. We took the little fellow back to camp for a pet and, of course, we called him Tommy.

I felt both relieved and chagrined as I entered the shelter of our canvas. I had gone into the veldt for

a lion and returned with an innocent baby gazelle. My determination to get a picture of a lion, however, was strengthened and the next evening I was again in ambush at the Mimosa tree. Luck was still against me and the storm clouds gathered once more. I didn't wait for the rain but fired my three shot signal into the air while the clouds were threatening and turned on the lights of my car as a guide to Martin.

While I was waiting, a leopard approached the kill. Lights of the automobile disturbed him and he grunted in an ugly manner. He looked in my direction and once slumped into a crouch that was dire with menace.

I fear a leopard much more than a lion. He is a sly, sneaking, dangerous animal and tremendously powerful. His equipment as a killer is perfect. He can move with lightning speed and his sharp claws slash like unseen knives. The lion is far more powerful but he fights in the open, and when he is ready to attack there is no question about it. But you can never tell what a leopard is likely to do.

I had to keep the lights burning so Martin could find me and that leopard worried me far more than the lights did him. I could hear the animal grunt as

he sniffed at the kill, and feared each minute that he might circle about on silent paws and leap into the machine. I sat there clutching my rifle, listening, alert for emergency, and hoping that Martin would hurry.

The sound of Martin's motor frightened the leopard and he bounded away into the dark. Once more I returned to camp, wet and discouraged, but still determined to have my picture of a lion.

On the third night at the kill, the elements were more kindly. Those two rainstorms drained humidity from the atmosphere and a full moon floated out of the forest, clean, clear and polished. Stars seemed to be holding a convention in the sky that night and the milky way blazed a brilliant trail across the heavens. I felt as though I were sitting under a canopy of diamonds gazing on a scene in fairyland. Bits of moon dust sifted through the Mimosa tree and floated about me in a protecting and friendly manner. I felt contented, and my thoughts drifted back to the fields of Kansas with its acres of wheat waving in the moonlight.

And then the big parade started. I heard laughter in the distance and soon two hyenas appeared. They began to moo and cry and played with each other like

a couple of happy dogs. Next in line was a herd of zebras. Perhaps some instinct told them that one of their kind lay dead nearby. They became nervous and restless and began to bark. Then they stampeded, galloping across the plains. They looked like striped flags fluttering in the moonlight.

Martin had given me detailed instructions about how to obtain my picture. Should a lion approach the kill, he said, I was to whistle and shine my flashlight to make it lift its head for the camera. Martin is particular about getting the animals to pose properly for his pictures. As for me, I was not overly ambitious to try my wiles on that big cat in the midnight to get him in the proper pose. But I tried to follow instructions. It was difficult to get my lips puckered up for a whistle, I was so frightened, but I managed a weak peep, finally, and pushed the button that was supposed to explode the flashlight and open the shutters of the cameras. Nothing happened. Something was wrong with the wires that led to the cameras and the only thing the buzzer did was make a slight, humming noise.

I crouched there, still as a dead mouse for about ten minutes, knowing not what to do. I could hear

the lion devouring the zebra. He made ripping, slashing sounds as he tore chunks of flesh from the kill. I could hear the bones crunch as those crushing teeth crashed through a leg. I pictured myself in the place of that poor little zebra and became more terrified than ever.

Sitting there idle and afraid was wearing on my nerves. I felt that something must be done. In a spirit of desperation, I flashed my light upon the lion and pushed the buzzer with all my might. It worked! The flash powder exploded with the noise of a cannon. The lion leaped from his kill, apparently fearing that someone had shot at him. He glared at the car, lashed his tail, and walked toward me. As he neared the machine, he let out a terrific growl.

Back and forth the big lion paced, growling, roaring, and almost brushing against the car. I feared that he would leap into the seat with me at any minute. The beast was too close for me to use a rifle effectively, so I grabbed my sawed off shotgun and aimed it at his head. I made up my mind that if he came within another foot of the car I would let him have both barrels in the hope of blowing his head off.

Thus we posed in the jungle night, the lion growl-

ing with irritation, I trembling in fear and making an effort to say all of the prayers I had ever learned. The lion finally realized that he had not been injured and, gradually calming down, walked back to the zebra to resume his meal.

It was a great relief when I heard him rip another chunk of meat from the body. There was one idea uppermost in my mind; to get back to camp. I dared not fire a signal for Martin unless I pumped the bullets into the body of the lion, and it was too dark for accurate shooting.

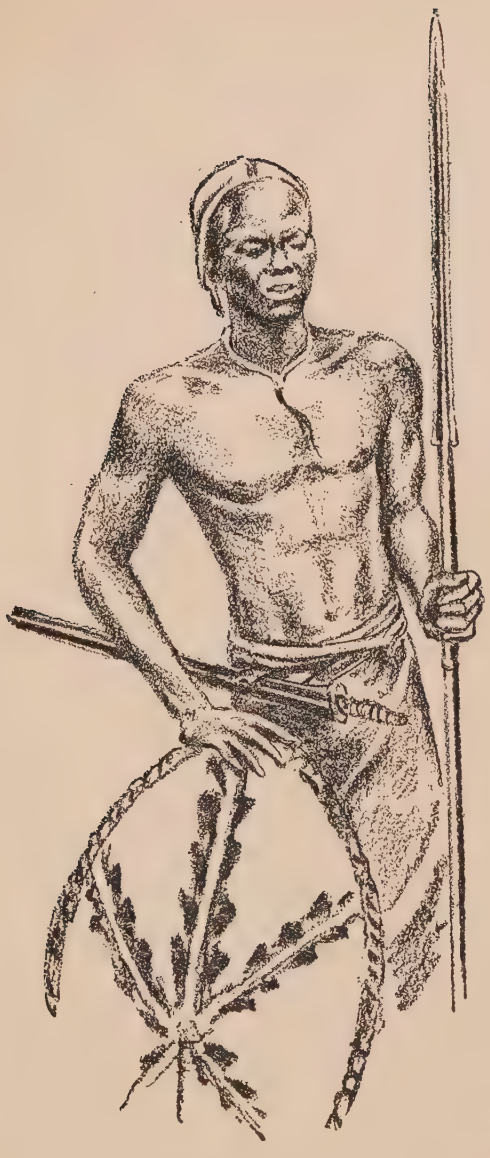
I stepped upon the starting button of the car. There was a dull buzz but the engine was cold and would not start. Again the lion came toward me. I remained silent until he returned to the meat and pressed the starter again. No luck! The engine did not start and the lion was on his feet again.

We played this game for perhaps thirty minutes before the carburetor began to function and the engine was started. I did not even look at the lion but stepped on the gas and speeded home. The sound of my horn brought Martin to the car and he was eager to hear about my adventure. When I told him I thought I had obtained a picture of a maned lion he

insisted that we return to the kill. As far as I was concerned, the night was complete, but I went back with Martin.

The lion was there when we appeared, angry and growling. Martin raced the engine of his car. We both yelled and flashed our lights. The lion could not understand what it was all about and finally began to trot slowly away. Martin hastily gathered up the cameras and we returned to camp.

The next morning we went back to the kill and saw that nothing was left of the zebra. Apparently the lion had returned and eaten at his leisure. This caused me no concern and I felt no regrets about that lion having had a free meal. Martin had already developed the camera plates and revealed that I had taken a wonderful picture, all by myself.



SUKU

SUKU

SUKU was a black boy. His hair was kinky and tightly curled to his flat little skull. His eyes were bright as shoe buttons. White teeth glistened when he parted his full lips in a smile. His nose was flat, his body lithe and graceful.

One particularly alluring morning in the dark heart of Africa, Suku bounded from his mat of grass before the yawning sun began to filter its rays of gold through the mighty trees that fringed the village where he dwelt. The little black boy had been awake most of the night. He could hear the tom-tom calling from the high place. The old rhythm of this savage drum, which was nothing more than a hollowed log covered at each end with goat skins, sent a special message to little Suku. It filled his heart with fear and his mind

with dreadful pictures of the spirits who lived high up on the mountains in the black, dense forest. The "boom, boom, boom, boom, boom" that tortured him through the night told Suku that the moon would be full that night and that the head men of the tribe would gather in the high place.

But what was worse, he must go with them. For Suku was not an ordinary black boy. He lived in the Meru forest where the dark people are big, and strong and intelligent. His tribe was peaceful and lived well. They tended flocks of goats and cattle. They lived in huts made of grass and limbs of trees. They were religious people who followed closely the weird teaching of their creed. They lived by small streams, planted bananas, corn, sweet potatoes, and beans.

And Suku was the son of Sultana Dow. In Meru language Sultana means chief and Dow means medicine man.

Furthermore. Suku was the chosen one of the spirits. He came to the world when signs in the heavens were auspicious. The moon was at its fullest when the stork dropped him at the hut of his mother. And it was on the night when his people were holding their annual gathering in the high place.

So Suku was destined to succeed his father as Sultana Dow of the forest. He knew that when the sun got sleepy, he must march away with the fighting men into the fearsome woodland. The night before, Suku had gravely watched his mother cut a notch in a big Impalla's horn, which she guarded so carefully in her grass hut. It was the tenth notch and signified that Suku was ten years old.

Now it is the custom of the Meru people that the one who is to be their Sultana Dow must begin his studies of magic and the spirit mysteries on reaching the age of ten. Poor little Suku did not want to go to the high place. He was happy in the village with his rough little savage playmates. And what was to become of the little goat, which he had reared to a faithful friend? And the partridge cock with the crippled wing, which he had found in the grass?

It was no wonder that Suku was sad when he wandered into the village street. Others were downhearted too, because Suku was beloved of his people.

Songa, Suku's rowdy half brother, didn't play elephant as was his custom, and charge upon him from behind this morning. There was a puzzled, wistful look in the eyes of Juma, the one little girl that Suku

smiled upon. The big black woman who was his mother did not give Suku the usual cuff when he edged out of line and plunged his wooden bowl into the pot of stew which made the morning meal.

It was a weary day for the little black boy. He patted his little goat, and talked long to the partridge cock with the broken wing. He avoided the other children. It was hard to hold back the tears.

Just when the sun's rays climbed to the second branch from the top of the dead tree at the end of the village street, from out the forest came old Ponda Ponda. On his head was an old cooking pot, a souvenir of an almost forgotten trip he had taken with some strange white skinned people who carried sticks so potent in magic that they could slay an elephant with one mighty "boom." Ponda Ponda wore a belt of fresh banana leaves. His black hide glistened with a polish of castor oil. A circle design painted with red clay was on his chest. Red stripes were painted below and above each knee. His forehead was daubed with red. Both eyes were circled with rings. Circlets of brass wire adorned each arm and leg. He was a chief.

Behind him came the fighting men, great tall fel-

lows similar in dress. Each carried a seven foot spear. Ponda Ponda approached the hut where Suku stood trying to look like a brave boy. He bowed low, his right hand extended.

"It is time, Suku," he said. "You must come to the high place. The big spirit calls." The old chief rubbed castor oil on the body of Suku, painted the circle design upon his chest, daubed his forehead with red clay and ringed his legs with stripes of red. All in the village stood silent. "Come," the old chief said. The procession moved down the village street. Old Ponda Ponda was in front; then came Suku; then the fighting men in single file.

They followed a cattle path for what seemed to be many miles to the little black boy. Then old Ponda Ponda turned into a secret path. They were in the dark forest. The fading sun could not shine through. Suku saw only shadows. He was afraid. The secret path led to an elephant trail and then to a field of giant grass. A herd of elephants grazed calmly along the way. They passed so close to the huge animals that it seemed as though a warrior could touch one with his spear. Suku quickened his steps, but the elephants did not seem alarmed. They turned curious

eyes on the group. One big fellow started toward them as though to investigate, but changed his mind. Suku trembled with fear. He remembered that terrible night noise which he learned was the elephant's trumpet.

More weary miles and they passed a group of lions. Seven of the tawny fellows there were. Suku recognized them. Their ferocious roars in the night also were familiar to him. Many tales he had heard of these great cats. The lions also looked curiously at the strange procession, then with a growl they bounded away.

Once more they entered dense woods on the north slope of Mount Kenya. The sun disappeared. It was dark. Strange night sounds assailed the ears of Suku as the party trudged silently up the mountain side. Suddenly they came to a cleared space. It was on the bank of a mountain lake which the natives called Gunga. The lake, a mile across and three miles long, was sleeping. Not a ripple disturbed its surface. Its rim was embroidered with the shadows of trees one hundred and fifty feet high and so big around that two men could scarcely span them with their arms.

Old Ponda Ponda led the way along the water's

edge until he came to an open space barely visible. It was a tier of rock ledges. On the topmost was the mouth of a cave. Suku entered the cavern. His eyes blinked when they were struck by the rays of three fires which made a triangle upon the floor. Behind them on a bench-like rock was his father, the Sultana Dow. The old man stood tall, straight. He, too, had been greased with castor oil, and red earth rubbed into his skin. The same red circle was on his breast and the same stripes adorned his legs. His eyes were ringed with white. On his head was a peculiar headdress made out of bird feathers that he had picked up in the forest. A wide belt of fresh banana leaves was around his waist. Circlets of the same adorned his arms and legs.

Suku stood bewildered. "Come to me," said Sultana Dow, "I am your father. I am your teacher. I am your friend." Suku approached. The father placed his hands under the boy's shoulders and lifted him to the rock on which he stood. He looked toward an opening which led from another passage in the rocky cavern, and he spoke in a low guttural voice. Two black men entered. One bore a large basket of food, the other carried a jug of water. "Eat, my son," said

Sultana Dow, "you are hungry." Suku was tired and hungry. He ate like a little animal, tearing apart a cake-like loaf made of corn meal, and sticking his teeth into the little, finger bananas that the Meru natives grow.

The boy paid little attention to his surroundings while satisfying his thirst and hunger. Before he had finished, the sandman came and poured sleep into his bright black eyes. He barely heard Sultana Dow say, "Sleep, my son, you are tired."

A throbbing like that of a tom-tom accompanying voices shouting words of impassioned pleadings to strange gods awakened Suku. The cave was empty. The three fires burned. A glow of light was seen through the cavern door. Suku sat still for a long time, afraid to move in this strange place. Then he made his way to the entrance and looked out.

A huge, brilliant moon glared down on a scene of savage worship. The sky was a blanket of silver stars, millions and millions of them seeking to outshine the moon. The huge trees so stately and silent in the windless night were blotched and streaked with rays of light. Great twisting vines covered with lovely little flowers laced themselves into an unreal curtain

of tremendous and mysterious beauty. A soft mist played over the surface of the lake.

In the open space before the tier of stones sat the little black boy's tribesmen. Four men clutching a baton in each hand beat upon a strange drum. It was the half of a split and hollowed tree trunk covered with skins. To their stirring, frenzied music fighting men danced in an irregular circle, raising their voices in fanatic shouts. Some lay on the ground exhausted. On the topmost stone Suku saw a white object. It looked like the spotless goat he had seen kept in a special pen and guarded with the utmost care in the village far below the forest. The animal's throat had been cut. Black men, among them old Ponda Ponda, knelt below the rock, dipping their hands in the warm fresh blood that trickled down. They smeared it upon their faces and weaved about in frenzy.

Sultana Dow stood beside the goat. He saw his son at the cave entrance and went to him immediately. Taking little Suku by the hand, the father led him back into the cave, through a rocky passage, and on to another ledge which overlooked the weird Lake Gunga. Suku could not see his tribesmen, but their wild music and zealous voices throbbed in his ears.

Sultana grasped Suku by the hand and both sat down.

"Suku, you are the chosen one of the spirits which rule our people. Soon I will be old and feeble and you shall rule in my stead. Here by this lake which is sacred to our people I will teach you the secrets of magic and mystery of the Gods. Here you must remain until you are grown to manhood. Then you may return to your people and choose three wives. You may stay in the village three years. Then you must come back to the high place and dwell here with the spirits for all time, unless recalled to save the Forest people from disaster. At each full moon head men of the tribe will come here for your counsel and instruction. Once each year the fighting men will gather here to offer a living sacrifice to their Gods. This sacred lake before you is the haven for the spirits of all animals which leave their bodies in our forest. When the moon is high, you can see them over the sacred water."

And sure enough, as Suku looked out over the lake he could see vague outlines of weird shapes. The big shadow in the center looked like a huge beast of which ancient tales were told. Its body was as big as a tree; at least it seemed so: its tail as long as the village

street: its head small, on a slender neck. Other strange shapes floated over the waters. All of the beasts which Suku had ever known and many that he had heard described in the campfire tales were there.

The moon was sliding into the tree tops of the mountain side. Perhaps a white man sitting there with little Suku would have said the moon was playing tricks with the mist on the lake, and making the little black boy see the creatures of his imagination. But they were real to Suku and he was amazed.

"You must guard the spirits well, my son, for they are friends of our people. It is our law that the goats and cattle and all domestic beasts belong to man. From them he may take his food. He may use them to carry his burdens. But the wild beings of the woods belong to the spirit chief only. Our people must not slay them. They must live in harmony with all beings of the world. Each day to this spot I shall bring you and teach you the lessons you must learn. I leave you here to meditate upon your future."

And thus ended the boyhood of black little kinky-headed Suku, who lived long in the high place and ruled his people.

FISHIE, THE ROGUE

IN the forest land and veldt of old Africa, night is sudden and magic. Bronze rays of the lazy sun have scarcely time to kiss the highest leaves good-night before the curtain falls. Shadows deepen swiftly. Day is done.

As though some fairy princess had waved her wand, a new world is born. When a full moon rides high in a sky clear-washed, beauty, cruel, cold, and distant, reigns.

That tree, alone in the clearing, so friendly with its kindly shade in the blazing sky, becomes a monster. Like a gigantic ink spot on the horizon it stands, disguised in a coat of moon-glow. It creeps nearer to our camp on its frail, shadowy pedestal. It floats like a menace, ready to roll slowly over me and smother me into nothingness.

Strange odors, distilled by the nighttime chill,

drift over the veldt. They bear a message of death, decay, and destruction.

I feel like a little child, small, alone, and helpless. This darkness is so terrible, engulfing, and complete. It makes me feel close to God and thankful for His protection.

It is the time when death and tragedy stalk hand in hand over the veldt and through the forests. Slinking, silent killers of the jungle rule the land. Creatures born to revel in the sunlight hide away and cower in fear.

Night beasts, eyes attuned to darkness, glide like shadows through the black, seeking, always seeking, weaker beasts to kill and eat. There is only one rule of life; the survival of the strongest.

Strange, outlandish noises are the music of the dark. The scream of a baboon baby caught in the jaws of a leopard. Roars of a restless lion frightening a herd of zebra toward a death trap. Angry blasts of elephants disturbed in their midnight slumbers. Screams of frightened monkeys. Cries of startled birds.

But the strangest sound of all is the laughter of the Rogue. It is the night noise of the hyena, that droll, misshapen creature of the wilds.

I don't like hyenas. They are disgusting to look at. They are cruel in their killing. They are thieves, rascals, and crazy. That's why I call them rogues.

They steal the cradles for their babies and bear their young in holes dug by ant bears. They are sly, sneaking, and cowardly. They will steal the coat off your back, if it happens to be made of leather. I actually know of one that stole the cowskin from the back of one of our black boys while he was sleeping.

There are two types of hyenas, striped and spotted. The latter are the most common, and are the ones who do all the laughing. All of them look like ridiculous dogs, sturdy at the shoulders and sloping at the hips.

They are cowardly beasts, and they hunt among the helpless for their food. They roam through the forest and veldt at night, hoping to find the baby of some other wild creature wandering by itself. When herds of small hoofed animals are about, hyenas hide behind bushes along the paths to water. Should one of the herd beasts walk past, they leap upon it and crush it to death with their strong, cruel jaws.

They love to kill, and will slay any weaker creature that comes within their reach, whether they want it for food or not. And these animals are so very cruel.

They will eat the flesh of a victim before it is dead.

But hyenas are terrified by the powerful hunters of the wilds and keep out of their way. The mere scent of a lion, leopard, or kindred creature sends the shivers down their spines.

They are not particular about their food. They will dine on carrion or gobble up the leavings of some braver beast. I have even heard that they will rob graves for food.

It seems strange that such a disgraceful beast as the hyena should be the laughing rogue of the veldt, but such he is.

I should like to learn sometime what standing joke it is that makes these creatures laugh so hard and so long during the hours of darkness. Night after night, we could hear them uttering hearty and endless peals of laughter.

A group of five or six of them will get together and give vent to their mirth. There will be a shrill tenor laugh and then a very low, gruff one. And perhaps a little squeaky one made by a youngster. This droll chorus makes one think of a convention of idiots howling over some drunken joke.

But this laughter is contagious. When I first heard

it, I could not help laughing also. It is such a crazy, insane laugh. After the hyenas assemble for their nightly chortle, they keep it up endlessly. Sometimes they leave off with their "Ha Ha Ha" and utter a "Moo Moo Moo," for all the world like lonesome calves in Kansas.

One soon gets tired of hearing the laugh of the hyenas and loses the desire to join them in their merriment. When they keep up their racket all night, like a crowd of hysterical women, the sound gets on one's nerves.

In our camp up near Lake Paradise, there were usually twenty or more hyenas aided by a gang of thieving jackals, hanging around our camp at night, looking for something to steal. As soon as it became dark, they would sneak toward our tents. Anything that even resembled food would be stolen.

I used to have our black boys hang the meat high up in a tree to keep it from the robbers. But even there it was not safe, for sometimes a leopard or a genet cat would come along and eat it. The hyenas could not reach it, though, for they cannot climb trees.

I remember one morning after hearing an unusually boisterous chorus of laughter during the night, asking

Martin what it was that made those ugly animals so gay. A few minutes later, I learned that one of my shoes had disappeared from under my bed. A hyena had stolen it.

"It looks as though the joke is on you," was Martin's unsympathetic remark.

One night a hyena stole my baking pan and carried it two miles into the forest where one of the boys found it later. Another one carried away my salad bowl which we never did find. I suppose the prowlers enjoyed a good laugh over those two escapades also.

But even hyenas are not one hundred per cent bad. No doubt they have some admirable traits of character of which we are not aware. I remember one occasion when a mother hyena was ready to fight for her babies.

One evening Martin and I were driving back to our camp. It was dark. Suddenly, I saw three little animals in front of my car. They stood there blinking in the rays of the headlights. They looked like three baby bears and seemed to be black. I stopped and asked Martin what kind of animal they were. He didn't know.

We started to get out with our flashlights to examine them more closely, but were halted by a howling

hyena dashing up to our car. It was the mother of the babies. I believe she was ready to fight for her young judging from the way she growled and screamed. She ran to her youngsters who were crying and badly frightened. I think they were only a few days old. They were the smallest hyenas I have even seen.

At one of our camps in Tanganyika land we had a little black boy named Mogo. He was about 15 years old, a jolly little fellow with an impish sense of mischief. He helped with the washing and cleaned up the dishes, along with a few other odd jobs about the camp.

When Mogo wasn't busy, he was plotting some trick to play on his companions or the animals of the wild. He took particular delight in making life uncomfortable for hyenas and jackals.

One night I was awakened from sleep by a commotion in the kitchen, and ran there to see what it was about. Mogo and two other young imps were rolling on the floor, laughing and giggling.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Mogo stopped laughing long enough to cry "Fishie" and point toward the river. Fishie is the name black boys call the hyena. I could hear the rat-

tle of cans and frenzied yelps in the distance and told Mogo to explain what it was all about.

The noise was being made by a hyena that had fallen victim to one of Mogo's tricks. The black boy had saved up a number of tin cans which he tied together. In one of them he placed a small piece of meat. A hyena, prowling about for plunder, discovered the cans. He stuck his nose into the baited one and grabbed the meat. Then he learned that he couldn't get his nose out and started to run, dragging all of the cans along with him. In his flight the animal made such an unusual racket that he alarmed all of the forest dwellers.

And how the black boys enjoyed this joke! They laughed and giggled until tears rolled from their shining eyes. I finally had to scold and tell them to keep still so Martin and I could sleep.

The boys told me about their next hyena trick in advance and I enjoyed it with them. They built a makeshift trap out of an old box. In one side of it was an opening large enough to permit a hyena's head to enter. A piece of meat was fastened at the bottom of the box. Then the box was placed just outside the

kitchen. We waited eager and silent as a troop of mice.

All of a sudden we heard a grunt, then a yelp followed by a howl. A hyena had come along and put his head into the box after the meat. He got it all right, but the box stuck back of his ears and he couldn't get his head out of it.

Such a row as that old burglar made! He squealed and howled and grunted. Then he started to run away blindly. The box, fast to his head, made a clattering noise as he bumped into trees and bushes. And the more noise it made, the faster he ran.

Luckily for the old hyena, the box was not built strongly and he finally smashed it to pieces.

I laughed as loudly as the black boys and so did Martin. It was good to see one of those ugly old rogues paying a penalty for his thievery.

Sometimes when hyenas and jackals gather around our camp we go out into the night with flashlights and have loads of fun. We know where they are because their eyes gleam in the darkness. When we throw a beam of light at them they are so startled, they are unable to move for a few moments, and just stand there blinking before they run away.

One night the moon was bright and I stepped out to look at the convention of burglars I knew would be gathered around the camp. I pressed the button on my flashlight and its rays struck two baby hyenas lying just beside my tent. It was funny to see the way they blinked their startled eyes.

I chased the little fellows and made a great deal of noise doing it. Then Martin called and told me to let them alone and get some rest, as we were planning a long safari the next morning.

Those same little hyenas kept loafing about our camp for several nights so that we both became interested in them. One day Martin suggested that we build a trap to catch one of them. He thought we might be able to make a pet out of it. We had the black boys get some old boxes together and build the trap. They fashioned a wooden case with a door on one end. A piece of meat was fastened to a trigger-like arrangement inside. It was fixed so that the slightest tug at the meat would close and lock the door.

I was reading that night when the door of the trap slammed. I called to Martin and we both rushed out. Sure enough, there was one of the baby hyenas

in the trap. I felt sorry for the little beggar. He was so frightened and looked at us with such pleading eyes. We flashed our lights in his face and tried to pet him. No doubt, he thought we were gong to eat him and he tried to bite us. We left him alone and went to bed.

The next morning we were up bright and early to look at our catch. What a time we had putting a collar on him. He fought us with every ounce of his baby strength and tried to bite. One of the black boys grabbed him by the scruff of the neck with one hand and held his nozzle closed with the other. Then we put a collar about his neck. We tied him to a tree and tried to make a friend of him. However, he didn't respond, trying to bite us whenever we came near. We gave him meat and water and talked to him in an effort to quiet his fear.

The first night of his captivity, the other little hyena which we had seen with him, came to him. I don't know whether it was his brother or his sister, but it was evident that the little animal sympathized with his playmate. It would go up to him and lie down beside him. But even its sorrow for its captive friend could not overcome the thievish instinct of

the little robber. It ate the meat and drank the water put out for our little hyena.

The second night I got my flashlight, ran up to the two little hyenas and threw the ray of light on them. Both of them tried to run away but the one we had caught almost turned a flipflop when he reached the end of his rope.

I didn't bother the rascals the third night, and when we awoke the next morning our captive was gone. We could tell that the rope that held him had been chewed apart.

If ever I see a hyena in the forest wearing a collar, I know it will be the one that fell into our trap. But I am sure I never shall.

That collar was made of leather. No doubt, our captive's hyena friends ate it off his neck and then joined in a rollicking chorus of laughter.